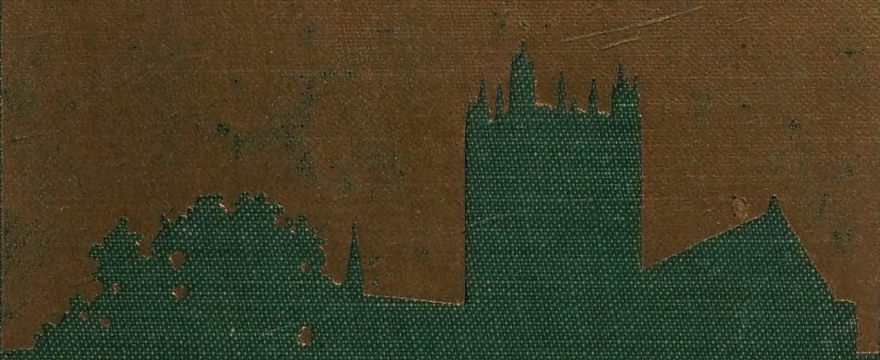

ENGLISH WAYS AND BY-WAYS

LEIGHTON PARKS

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BEING THE
LETTERS OF JOHN AND RUTH DOBSON
WRITTEN FROM ENGLAND
TO THEIR FRIEND, LEIGHTON PARKS

"For me, an aim I never fash—
I rhyme for fun."
—BURNS.

NEW YORK
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1921

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TO

E. S. P.

WHO KNOWS JOHN AND RUTH DOBSON
AS WELL AS I DO AND CAN BEAR WITNESS TO THE
TRUTH OF THIS NARRATIVE

"ENGLISH WAYS AND BY-WAYS"

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

PREFACE

WHAT this little book contains the reader must discover for himself. I shall not save him trouble by telling in the Preface anything about it. Nor shall I tell more than the letters themselves show as to the identity of John and Ruth.

It is a book with a Purpose. The purpose being to give the reader the same pleasure that I had in compiling it when debarred for a time from more serious work.

I am, however, not without hope that this humorous record of the impressions of two young and unconventional Americans of the England before the dreadful war may do a little to lessen the tension which the nervous strain of the last few years has unhappily produced, and so help to that mutual understanding and sympathy upon which the welfare of the world depends. *The test of friendship is sympathetic banter*, and is, moreover, a firmer cement than solemn speech.

My thanks are due to the *Atlantic Monthly* for permitting the use in book form of some passages in this chronicle which appeared as articles in that magazine.

L. P.

Point-au-Pic, Quebec,
August, 1920.

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ENGLISH WAYS AND BY-WAYS

I

THE LEGACY

I WAS so sorry not to find you at the Rectory when I called this afternoon. And, what is worse, I fear we may not see you for a long time, if, as your housekeeper says, you are to be in California for a month. For before you return we shall be gone! "Gone?" you will ask. "Where?" Well, I do not quite know. The fact is I am in such a whirl that I hardly know what I am writing! Perhaps it would be better if I began at the beginning.

You know how overworked John has been for some time. He has not been sleeping well, and at times has been—well, almost cross!—which means he is tired out. The culmination came on Good Friday. I left church before the conclusion of the three-hour service that I might reach home in time to have a cup of tea ready for him when he returned. You remember what a hot day it was. Well, I was standing by the open window in the study waiting to see him come round the corner, and Rex—the beautiful Irish setter which Mr. Dennis gave John—was with me. When John appeared he waved his hand to me and called

out "Hello, Rex!" and the poor dog, no doubt thinking he had called him to come, sprang from the window and fell the two flights, striking his head on the steps, and was instantly killed. I rushed down-stairs and found John looking as if he were about to faint. We carried the body into the laundry, and John, gazing upon it, groaned: "I wish it were I." You may imagine how frightened I was, but fortunately I had self-control enough to keep silence and led him away and induced him to drink a cup of strong tea. Then I brought out his pipe, and, though he murmured, "I have given it up for Lent," I said firmly, "You have not given it up for to-day." When he was resting I ran round the corner and asked Mr. Hathaway, the carpenter, to make a box for poor Rex, which he said he would do at once, for every one on the block loved him. Then I telephoned to Mabel Wheelock and asked her if she would be willing to have the dear creature buried on her place at Pelham. She was as sympathetic as if we had lost a member of the family—as indeed we have. But how to get the body there I did not know! I called up the hotel garage and learned that it would cost seven dollars to hire a taxi. It seemed more than we could pay, but I decided we must risk it. How I wished I had not bought that new hat for Easter!

When all was ready I called John and we started

for Pelham, where we left the body of a creature of whom it could be said more truly than of many humans, that "he was faithful unto death." When we reached home I induced John to go to bed, and was soon thankful to find that he had fallen asleep.

The next morning I went to the store where I had bought the hat and asked the woman to take it back. She was none too well pleased. But, as she had known me forever, she insisted upon knowing the reason, and when I told her the kind-hearted creature said: "Why, you poor thing, you keep that hat, and I'll take the price of the taxi off the bill. It will be good business, anyhow, for when that hat is seen on you there will be a run on them." You may think less of me, but I was so glad to keep it!

Then I went to see Dr. Webster. He listened to my story and then said: "Your husband is as sound as a dollar. I went all over him when he had that touch of bronchitis in January. But he has exhausted his nervous energy and must have a rest." "But," I said, "we cannot afford to go away." He answered gruffly: "You can't afford to keep on."

We got through Easter somehow, and John did his part better than I supposed would be possible. But when one of those "gushy" females, who are found in every church, said to me: "How

wonderful Mr. Dobson was to-day! I don't see how he does it! However, it cannot be a strain on him because he speaks so easily. If he had to *prepare* his sermons I don't suppose he could do it, with all the parish work he has to do!" That woman is called by some people "The salt of the earth." She may be, but it is salt in *lumps*, and I don't like it that way!

John slept the clock round on Easter night and it was nearly noon when he came down for a cup of coffee. There were not many letters, fortunately, but I had noticed one with the name of a well-known firm of lawyers on the envelope, and rather wondered what they could have to say.

When John had read it he exclaimed: "Well, I'll be jiggered!"

"What is it?" I asked.

"Why, Aunt Susan is dead."

"Is that the aunt who lived in California?"

"Yes, she went out there nearly twenty years ago, and I do not suppose I have thought of her twice since."

"Well, what has happened?"

"Why, she has left me some money."

"Oh, John!" I cried, thinking of what Dr. Webster had said. "It can't be true."

"I guess it is," he replied. "Weeks & Burke are pretty responsible people, and they write:

'By the will of the late Miss Susan B. Melchor,' etc."

I know this sounds like the "long arm of coincidence," at which you mock, and you will say that such things do not happen outside of romances. Well, wait a moment and you will see that this is connected with a romance and a rather pathetic one too. When I asked John about his aunt Susan, he could not tell me much. He said there was a tradition among his sisters—but he had nothing else to go upon—that when his father became engaged to his mother poor Aunt Susan was greatly shocked, for she had gotten it into her head that he had been attracted by her. For a long time there had been little intercourse between the sisters, but after the death of his father Aunt Susan had paid a visit to his mother, and taken a fancy to the little boy, who was supposed to resemble his father. She had only money enough to enable her to live in genteel poverty until she went to California, and there met a man whom she had known when she was a girl, and, following his advice, had invested her little all in a land speculation which, for a wonder, turned out well and brought her a modest fortune, which she now, or at least a part of it, bequeathed to the son of the man to whom she had given her heart in her girlhood. Certainly if the "long arm of coinci-

dence" is ever to be stretched out, this is a time when it might be expected to show its power!

When we learned the amount of the legacy it was evident that we should not be able to live on the income of it, though it would be a great help in supplementing a modest salary. But when I told John that I thought we should now be justified in taking a month off at Lakewood or somewhere like that, he vulgarly replied: "Lakewood be blowed! We are going to Europe to see some of the things we have dreamed about."

"But that means we shall have to break into the capital."

"Well," said he, "so long as we do not break into another's man's capital, I do not see how the law can interfere!"

I was so glad to feel his buoyant spirits again that I had not the heart to make further objections. But I did add, as a final caution, that we must not forget that we ought to lay up for a rainy day. But he scorned this and said: "That is the way money poisons us. We hoard because we are afraid. At any rate it is far better for us at this time, instead of laying up for a rainy day, to lay down for a sunny day!"

So that is what we are going to do.

II

THE SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION

You have heard from Ruth of all the wonderful things that have happened to us, and that we are going abroad. But you have not heard that we are planning a motor trip. If you say that you are surprised, knowing that I have no motor, I can only reply, "Not more so than I." I had supposed Ruth would be content to go to Europe as most of our friends have gone. But no; she said a motor trip would be far more interesting. I was rather surprised for another reason: Ruth is so careful of the household expenses that when I suggested that motoring was a rather expensive amusement, she said it depended entirely upon how it was done! We could buy a cheap car and dispense with the services of a chauffeur. In that way it would prove less expensive than travelling by train. "Think," said she, "what we should save on baggage! and besides, instead of stopping at expensive hotels in the large towns, we can put up at any little inn. Moreover, we can take a lunch-basket and stop by the way at any place that takes our fancy and eat our lunch."

I had memories of hearing something of the same sort the first time I went abroad—on a cattle steamer. I was told by a fellow traveller

that one could make a walking trip on the Continent for five francs a day! However, when I thought of Ruth's uncomplaining economies these many years, I said it was a fine idea. I did, however, point out that I knew rather less about a motor than I do about a camel, but that objection also was quickly disposed of. "Did not James Hawkins drive his car? And had I not said, when he preached for us last Lent that he had the brain of a flea? If he could learn to drive a car could not the man, who, the bishop said, etc.?"

Well, the result was I entered the School of Instruction conducted by "Professor" Patrick Quinn. I wish now I had gone to the Y. M. C. A., for the instruction would, no doubt, have been as good, and the atmosphere more refined! Last winter I heard a paper read at a clerical meeting by an optimist on "The Decline of Profanity." The writer could never have been in a garage! However, "Prof" Quinn knew his business, and cursed a little of his knowledge into me. There were times when we were both discouraged, as on the day when he pathetically told me that I should learn quicker if I wasn't so "damn awkward." But in spite of this drawback the time at last came when my "Boss" announced that on the following day he would take me out on the road. So the next day the "Professor" drove to Jerome Avenue, and then turned the car over to me.

Do you know how many posts there are on that trolley line? You do not! No one does who has not driven a car in and out among them. Probably you suppose them to be stationary. That is what I thought. But they move like Birnam wood!

Well, when my nerves were all on edge with trying to dodge the posts, I was ordered to pass a car just ahead of me. This I did triumphantly, and cut in ahead. Unfortunately, at that moment its speed must suddenly have increased, for the rear hub of our car nicked a piece out of the front tire of the other car. What the driver of that car said I decline to repeat. It is not well you should know such things! But I am now sure that the clerical essayist already alluded to knows more about Pelagianism than he does of the vernacular of New York. I confess I had a momentary unholy hope that my "Boss" would answer him in a way it would be sinful for me to imitate, but instead he asked me if I had a "pull" with the police. When I replied I had not he sarcastically remarked that he supposed I must have, seeing how hard I was trying to "get run in."

A few minutes later he directed me to run up to the Concourse. You may remember there is a sharp rise from Jerome Avenue, so thinking he wished to find out if I remembered his lecture "On the Art of Driving," in which he had empha-

sized the importance of "giving her gas" at the foot of a hill, and then "watch her pick up," I gave her gas and watched her pick up. Indeed the speed soon became alarming. At the top of the hill there is a sharp turn into the Concourse leading onto a bridge which spans the road on which a trolley line passes beneath. Onto this bridge, then, we whirled, the hub of the off rear wheel striking the corner of the buttress of the bridge and slewing us half-way round, so that the car was now headed toward the frail railing which marks rather than guards the roadway. I was still "giving her gas"—not knowing longer what I was doing—and have no doubt but that in another second we should have plunged below, had not the man wrenched the wheel from my hands and straightened the car out.

I was fully prepared for profanity but not for the wailing prayer which issued from his frightened lips. I call it a prayer, for such it was in form, though the bitterness of his tone made it more dreadful than any oath. This is what he said: "O my G—d, if ever I live to get home, I'll never do anything riskier than drivin' in a Vanderbilt Cup race." After this we changed places by mutual consent.

It is surprising what a difference the road-bed makes in the running of a car! At least I suppose it was due to that, for on Jerome Avenue the car

had run now fast now slow, while here it glided along the road as smoothly as a shell goes through the water when driven by the steady sweep of the oars. Can the driver have anything to do with it? I did not dare to ask the "Boss," for it was evident that he was "mad at me." Another thing surprised me. Again and again he refused perfectly good chances to cut in ahead of another car, instead of which he would drop back and wait until there was plenty of room, and then run alongside of his rival until he could easily take the lead. I found, however, that this timid policy, as I was inclined to call it, was really Fabian, for we passed each car in turn. Moreover, he did not seem to regard the drivers of other cars as his natural enemies, as seemed to me inevitable, but, on the contrary, spoke pleasantly to several and called not a few "brother." But when I asked him if all the family was in the business, he gruffly requested me "not to kid him." Indeed, it was evident that he had ceased swearing at me because he regarded me as hopeless. I therefore decided not to return to the school, even though I failed to receive the diploma which, he had assured me at my entrance, would insure me a first-class job.

III

"FOOL PROOF"

It will be remembered that it had been our intention to buy a cheap car. However, we did not, because Ruth decided that this would not be so economical as we had supposed! First, we looked at the smallest and cheapest car on the market. It was a two-cylinder, not much larger than a perambulator, and as noisy as a donkey-engine. The salesman said that for himself he did not care for one of those perfectly silent cars: "There is too much danger of accidents. You come upon people suddenly, before they have time to jump, and the first thing you know you have a ten-thousand-dollar suit on your hands. But with this car there is no such danger, for people have time to get out of the way before they are hurt." I must say this impressed me, but Ruth, who knows nothing of the dangers of driving, remarked that she did not think people would be much hurt if that car did hit them. "Besides," she added, "no conversation would be possible in such a car."

The man replied that there was not much chance in a car where you were blowing the Klaxon all the time. "And, now," he said, "let me give you a demonstration." To this we agreed, but

as there was room for but one besides the driver, he suggested that I should try it first. So I chugged round the block while the demonstrator explained how many miles "she" would do on a gallon, and how little oil it took to lubricate "her." But when it came Ruth's turn, the engine stalled, and no power would move it. So we did not buy that one.

Well, we looked at many cars of many makes, but the cheap ones were uncomfortable, and the comfortable ones were too dear, and I was almost in despair, for the time was passing and I felt that I must have a little time to practise driving before starting on such a journey as we had planned. But a chance word decided me. We were looking at a "Frontenac." It was a most attractive-looking "runabout," and Ruth said it "fitted her back" better than any we had seen, and so, though the price was more than we had intended to pay, I saw she had set her heart upon it, and was asking myself if I could not economize somewhere else and let her have what she wanted, when the salesman, who of course was a mind-reader, remarked: "This is a new model. We built it because there was no car on the market built for a 'gentleman's' use. You see, no one with this car would need a chauffeur, though, as you may have noticed, there is a seat which folds up, so that if one wished to pick up a friend, or

take a chauffeur for a special occasion, it could be done." Then he added, as if speaking to himself, while he laid his hand caressingly on the mud-guard: "What I like about this car is that she is practically 'FOOL PROOF.'" He had spoken the inevitable word. That was the kind of car I had been looking for! Then followed an explanation of the "self-starter"—"something found on no other car." I hesitated no longer. I paid the deposit and he said the car was mine. It was not cheap, but, as the testimonials say, "If I could not buy its mate I would not sell it for twice the amount I paid!"

One does not receive a car the day one pays for it. There are still many things to buy in the way of accessories, and as a result the car was not in my hands until the day before I was required to turn it over to the shipper. I therefore had time only to drive around the park three times before I was required to deliver the car at the dock.

I was glad to find that I did better alone than when profanity was being barked into my ear at every turn!

Of course I stalled several times through failure to "give her gas," but the self-starter had taken the sting out of that, and I drove back to the garage feeling that I was now prepared to risk the two most precious lives in the world with a fair margin of safety!

IV

"DER KAISER WILHELM DER ZWEITE"

You have crossed the North Atlantic too often to be bothered with an account of our trip. We ate too much—indeed, I am told the temptation to do so is greater on these boats than on any except those of the French Line—and also we took too little exercise. And yet we seem none the worse for it! Possibly that was due, in my case, to the fact that I slept a great deal, and that when I was not sleeping or eating I lay in my deck-chair and wondered how any one could ever worry! Is it not surprising how the petty worries of life drop overboard at Sandy Hook? This cannot be true, I suppose, of the foolish men who keep in touch with the office by wireless, but it was true of us. Yet one day I was startled by hearing my name called by a page, who ran along the deck with a slip of paper in his hand. Fortunately, it was only a word of greeting from the Stoddards, who were returning on the *France*, and sent us a message of good-will.

I did, however, have certain experiences which were unusual. The first night out I was sitting in the drafty and fearfully decorated smoking-room when a man approached me and asked if I would take a hand at poker. I declined politely

but he insisted, urging that it was "only a friendly game, twenty-five cents a point." I again declined, saying I did not play. He returned to his friend and remarked in a loud tone: "De trouble mit men who hafe lifed all der lives in a village is dat ven dey meet a stranger, dey tink he must be a con man."

On Sunday morning we were wakened by the band, which played, beautifully, "Ein Feste Burg." I supposed that would be the only Sunday observance, and was not a little surprised to receive a message from the captain, asking me to hold service in the Lounge. This I did, the full band assisting. There were a number of Americans aboard, and most of them attended. But what surprised me greatly was to notice a number of Jews, several of whom later spoke to me and expressed their satisfaction. They said that they did not know that we used the Old Testament in our service! I asked one of them, a cultivated man, if he attended the synagogue. He shook his head sadly and said, not since he was a boy, unless it were to go to a funeral, and added that this was true of thousands of cultivated Jews. I said it seemed to me a dreadful thing that the race which had given the greatest spiritual gifts to mankind should be losing interest in the highest ideals of life, and asked if it were not possible for them to find in some form of Christianity, which,

after all, was an evolution of Judaism, the satisfaction their souls must crave. He looked at me for a moment, and then said bitterly: "If Christians began by treating us as if we were human, perhaps we might be willing to listen to their gospel of brotherhood." I wonder if, instead of a Society for the Conversion of the Jews, we do not need a Society for the Conversion of Christians!

This service was memorable for another reason. For the first time in my life I prayed for the Kaiser. Indeed, it was the first time I had ever heard him prayed for! This gave great satisfaction to the Germans, who, while they are glad to enjoy the liberty of the Republic, cling with their hearts, certainly many of them, to the Fatherland. They may, some day, become a menace to us should we ever have trouble with Germany. But that is not likely in spite of our experience in Manila Bay! But, indeed, I do not see why we should complain of them when we think of the attitude of the English who make their homes with us. How many Englishmen of the better class do you know who have been naturalized? Not a score, I venture to say. They write letters to the English papers, and sometimes to our own, complaining of the iniquities of Tammany Hall, but do not lift the burden with one of their little fingers.

However, you will have had enough of this! How inevitably we parsons take to preaching when we are not fooling!

We reached Plymouth on a lovely evening and glided into the harbor as quietly as you bring your knockabout to its mooring. I was much impressed by the discipline of the crew. There was neither shouting nor confusion, and the great ship dropped anchor as quietly as a ferry-boat comes into its slip. One thing, however, surprised me. As soon as we entered the harbor a sound of firing was heard, and little water-spouts shot up all over the surface of the water. They were evidently harmless mines being exploded from the batteries on shore. Still I wondered they did not cease while the captain was engaged in such a delicate operation, and it did not seem in keeping with the English sporting spirit. I spoke to one of the officers about it, and he replied, with much dignity: "The English do this each time we enter one of their harbors. It does no harm, and is only a childish way of showing their hatred of our merchant marine, which is their only serious rival. But it is a mistake, as they will some day learn."

Of course there may be no truth in this, and the explosions at that particular time may have been only a coincidence, but it is sad that such bad feeling should exist between these two great na-

tions as to make it possible for such things to be believed. The Germans are talking most foolishly about "Der Tag," but English plays and novels, and even such a paper as the *Spectator*, are helping to sow the seeds of suspicion. That in this day England and Germany will go to war is, I believe, thought possible only by the "retired admirals." But the mere suspicion leads to fear, and that, in turn, might lead to war.

Well, here I am talking politics, which is more tiresome than preaching!

V

THE CAR ARRIVES

On reaching London we found that the freight steamer on which the car had been shipped had not yet arrived. As Ruth was most anxious to see her sister, who lives in Yorkshire, she was persuaded to proceed by train and leave me to bring on the car alone. This was, indeed, a happy solution of a problem which had caused me some anxiety. I was quite ready to risk one valuable life, but did not care to risk two!

The next day I received word that the *Georgic* had arrived at the Tilbury docks, and that the car was being held "at the risk of the owner." I had been advised to take a chauffeur with me and

not to attempt to drive the car into London myself, which advice I followed.

When we arrived at Tilbury, which is about twenty-five miles from London, we found the car, still in its crate, standing on the docks. There were few formalities to be complied with, and a carpenter was soon at work opening the case.

While waiting I fell into conversation with the third officer, who had charge of the unloading of the vessel, and expressed my admiration of the docks, and said I wished we had some equal to them in New York. He admitted they were a fine bit of work, but said that the possibilities of our port were the greatest in the world. "I have often wished," he added, "that I might see that port fifty years hence. You see, it is the only great city in the world that is directly on the sea, and therefore has much the same advantage now that Venice had of old. The East River, being as it were a canal, connecting New York Bay with Long Island Sound, and the Hudson being an estuary of the sea, the largest ships can dock almost in the heart of the city, discharge cargo, then load again and pass out at any tide. Nowhere else is such a thing possible."

I said I was thinking rather of the cleanliness and "smartness" of the docks than of their convenience.

"I grant you," he said, "that we beat you there.

But already you are replacing your old wooden docks with concrete, which will last as long as stone. The reason your docks are not so clean as ours is because of the high price of unskilled labor with you. If we had to pay twelve shillings a day to the man who sweeps and tidies up, we should have to have the work done twice a week as you do."

"Well," said I, "that means that we shall never be able to have docks and streets as clean as yours."

"If it did," he replied, "there are better things than neatness. Neatness may imply poverty on the part of labor, and poverty leads to drink and so to the breeding of more poverty."

"Still," I urged, "though neatness may imply poverty, slovenliness shows a lack of self-respect. A city that cannot keep its front door-step clean is a bad neighbor."

He laughed at this homely illustration but said the solution of the problem must be found in another way. "It is all very well to talk of the 'dignity' of labor, but where is the dignity in sweeping up dung?—perhaps taking up the last of it in one's hands. No man does it willingly, he is driven to it by necessity."

I quoted:

> "Are these things necessities?
> Then let us meet them like necessities."

"You may be surprised to learn that a sailor knows his Shakespeare, but I read a play every voyage, and so I recognize that great speech of the king. But the question is *are* these things necessities? I say no. Machinery must be, and I believe will be, invented to do the work which no self-respecting man ought to be asked to do habitually. Some day we shall have great vacuum cleaners to do such work, and then you will have your docks and streets as clean as ours, and at half the price."

I should like to have had more talk with this intelligent young officer, but the car was now ready, so the chauffeur and I took our places on the front seat.

At that moment a wretched specimen of the casual laborer appeared, and, touching his greasy cap, inquired: "Shall I wind her up, Guv'ner?" I nodded and he stooped down to find the handle. Then he looked up with a grin, remarking: "You 'ave fergot the 'andle, sir!" Meanwhile I had touched the self-starter; the little electric engine had begun to hum, there was a click and the car glided away. I tossed the poor wretch a shilling, but he was too astonished to say "Thank you." He simply exclaimed, in a dazed way, "Well, I'm damned!" There was a cheer from the by-standers, and we slipped through the gate and turned toward London.

The chauffeur took the wheel, and of course the talk turned upon cars. He admitted that the American cars were "smart" and wonderfully cheap, but declared that they could not compare with English cars in durability. "They tell me that at the end of a year you American gentlemen turn in your cars, at a great loss, and get a new one in exchange. But an English car will be as good after five years as this will be at the end of one. So, I do not see there is much saved."

I said we found it cheaper to scrap an old machine than to run up a bill for repairs.

He replied: "That may be, because wages are so high, but in the long run the American car is the more expensive."

"But you must remember," I replied, "that every year there are improvements."

But he shrewdly remarked: "There are changes; I do not know that they are always improvements."

It was fascinating to watch this skilful driver thread his way through the traffic; so well did he manage that in a much shorter time than I had supposed would be possible, we reached the garage, in a street not far from Leicester Square.

There were things enough still to do to occupy the rest of the day—the grease, with which the brass work had been smeared to protect it *en*

route, removed, the car cleaned and polished, and the batteries filled with distilled water, which could be obtained only from a "chemist," and all valves and bolts tested. Then there were last purchases to be made, to insure comfort in a climate in which, even in summer, the American shivers like a Mexican hairless dog! So it was not till the next afternoon that, the chauffeur still driving, we started on our great adventure.

VI

THE GREAT NORTH ROAD

I HAD supposed we should go north at once, instead of which the driver headed west through Regent's Park, thus avoiding the narrow and crowded thoroughfares of East London, which stretch far to the north. Then, by by-ways which a stranger could never have found, we came to Hatfield, where I had planned to spend the night, and there the chauffeur left me. I confess that when I parted with him I felt as I have heard the sick say they felt when the nurse departed—both weak and lonely!

The inn at Hatfield is called the "Purple Cow," or by the name of some other zoological curiosity, but was comfortable enough except that its prox-

imity to the tracks of the Great Northern Railway makes it as conducive to sleep as a room on the "L" at home!

There is no garage connected with the inn of uncertain name, but there are vast stables, now, alas, well-nigh empty. The ancient ostler looks with no kindly eye on motors, but he was, I think, more favorably disposed toward me when I showed an interest in his tales of former days, when, so he said, as many as a hundred horses had found bed and fodder at one time under his care. This, of course, was in the good old coaching days, which he could remember as a boy, before railroads had changed the face of England. Indeed this continued, he said, for a long time after that, while gentlemen still travelled in thei carriages. But the motor-car had given the *coup de grâce*, and in his mind's eye the old man could now see "Ichabod" inscribed across the long, low front of the building which had once echoed to the songs of postboys and the neighing of many steeds. So, when he declined to wash the car, saying he "knew nothing of such things," I could not find it in my heart either to protest or to lessen his tip when I departed. Rather I felt the same sort of sympathy with him which I, a stanch Protestant, felt when I saw in France or Italy, old monks wandering through the aisles of some deserted abbey. From both the glory

had departed, and utility can never have the charm of beauty.

I was the only guest at the inn, and instead of ordering a chop, as any one but an American would have done, I foolishly said I should like "dinner." Therefore I was served with soup—enough for a bath—a large fish, and a roast chicken, followed by a huge tart! When I saw the bill I remembered Ruth's prophecy that we should save money by stopping at small inns! There was enough left to feed the inn-keeper's family for a week. Perhaps it did!

After dinner I strolled to the gates of "Hatfield House" and looked up the long avenue, but catching only a glimpse of the hall. There came to my mind certain articles by Godkin, in the *Nation*, in which he had spoken with biting sarcasm of Lord Salisbury, and then I recalled what A. V. G. Allen used to say, that "Salisbury was the typical Englishman." You know what a radical Allen was in theology; yet he was a Tory in English politics. From Salisbury the mind naturally rebounded to Gladstone, the political Liberal but the ecclesiastical reactionary. Such musings led me to ask myself if nature did not arrange our temperaments as a clock-maker does the pendulum of a grandfather clock, of metals with different expansive qualities, lest a man be radical or conservative *à outrance?* Turning such

thoughts over in my mind in that dreamy fashion which is so delightful because it calls for no action, I turned back to the inn, "and so to bed."

Next morning the weather was apparently "set fair," and I drove out of the stable-yard in good spirits. Mile after mile I drove sedately on, gaining confidence with each hour. When I had inquired of the dreary ostler what road to take to Yorkshire, he had replied, in surprise, "The north road. There ben't no other, so you can't miss it." Little he knew what I am capable of!

The roads are all so good that it is not as easy as one would suppose to keep to the great highway. There are no "mud roads" branching from the pike, as in Pennsylvania, where the difference is evident at a glance. So, when I had overcome the first nervousness and begun to take notice of the country, glancing first to the right to watch the cattle feeding in the deep meadow, and then to the left where the wheat was almost ready for the harvest, and speculating on the yield as compared with the new land at home, it is not strange that I should have diverged from the right way. Indeed it was not alone "the things which are seen" which caused me to err, there was also the "unseen" which filled the mind's eye. For this was not the first time by any means that I had travelled the Great North Road! I had trod it on foot with dear Jeanie Deans, thankful for an

occasional "cast in a cart," and by coach with Mr. Squeers, and in the pleasant company of Mr. Pickwick also, if I am not mistaken. Well, the result of all this contemplation of things, "visible and invisible," was that when I finally inquired the way, I found I was more than twenty miles too far to the eastward—not far, indeed, from Cambridge. I found, moreover, that human nature is the same on the country roads of England as at home! For the laborer to whom I spoke showed the same superiority that one notices in those foolish people who get up early in the morning as they greet the late riser! He told me I must retrace my road for some miles to get again on the North road. But as this is a thing I detest, I insisted that by keeping on I should ultimately regain the road I had lost. He reluctantly admitted this might be done, if I kept on as far as Royston. As all places were now the same to me, this is what I decided to do, much to his disappointment I am sure, for he would have liked to see me pay the penalty of my folly.

As you have no doubt mentioned in more than one of your sermons, "Disappointments are often blessings in disguise." This proved to be one of them, for it led me back into an England older than that of Scott or Dickens—even to the England of Fielding!

VII

THE ENGLAND OF FIELDING

AGAIN I was the only guest at the inn which was called, perhaps, "The Dappled Hart," but there was an excellent dinner waiting for any who might stop. There was lamb as tender as one could wish, and peas which had not been withered by transportation, and a cherry tart, over which custard had been poured, which, I fear, came out of a bottle such as the advertisements on the hoardings illustrate with a picture of a greedy little girl waiting impatiently to be helped! When I praised the freshness of the peas the young woman, who served me none too graciously, I know not why, unless because I had no chauffeur, said they had been picked in the garden that same morning. This *menu*, I may say, seldom changed, though sometimes the lamb had grown to mutton, or even changed to some other animal; but, whatever the meat was called, it was invariably excellent, and far better cooked than one would find in a place of the same size at home.

When I had dined, or, as there was no soup, I suppose I should say lunched, I asked if I might smoke. But the uncompromising young woman said "Certainly not," and pointed the way to the bar. This was reached by crossing the paved

way which led from the side street to the stables, passing under an archway. The bar proved to be a low, damp room, in which, I think, if one sat long alcohol would become a necessity. There were several small tables arranged for those who wished to be semiprivate, but I noticed that the few customers preferred to lean against the bar and talk to the landlord, much as in the saloons at home. After a casual glance they paid no attention to me, and I sipped my coffee and smoked my pipe in silence.

Then a man entered who seemed to be a stranger, but who evidently knew the Masonic sign, for he soon fell into conversation with them. He was evidently what we call a "drummer," but had none of the jollying manner of the guild as we know it, for there were long pauses in the conversation. Then entered a man who was evidently quite at home, and felt himself to be of some importance. He immediately began to lay down the law on every subject mentioned, to which the others submitted meekly. But not the drummer! He too had his opinions, and was willing to have them known, and, encouraged by the landlord, plucked up spirit and began to give as well as take. I now anticipated some interesting talk, and was not disappointed. The dominating man had ordered whiskey and soda, or rather it had been prepared by the landlord as if he were familiar

with his customer's taste. As he slowly sipped it he looked at me, as much as to say: "My friend, I shall make short work of you when I am ready." But I was saved by the drummer. He began by explaining some of the inconveniences to which a stranger, such as he, is subjected in a strange town, and rashly suggested that provincial England would be improved by the establishment of places of "Convenience," such as every traveller on the Continent is familiar with.

This is what the village doctor—for such I now learned he was—was waiting for. He took high moral ground and proved to his own satisfaction —and I think carried the house with him—that this would be the beginning of the end of English morality. "Did the gentleman mean to suggest that England should become as France?"

The gentleman "meant to suggest nothing of the sort," and rather cleverly shifted the ground from the moral to the physical. But here, of course the doctor was too much for him, remarking with a complacent smile: "I think I may be allowed to speak with a little authority on that aspect of the question, being a medical man myself."

I do not know how great his authority may have been, but I can answer for his dogmatism! How often the two are confused!

If you were not temporarily blind and so de-

pendent upon Miss Fuller to read your letters, I would repeat the conversation which followed in full. Not that there was anything improper in it. The disputants were as solemn as if they were discussing religion, only they "called a spade a spade." But we have grown so squeamish, or so immoral, that we hide "Tom Jones" under the sofa-cushion and place "The Visits of Elizabeth" on the parlor table. But rural England, I learned that day, while it has changed superficially, is still the England of Fielding. Squire Westerns can still be found in certain counties—indeed Dogberry is not unknown in remote villages.

When I had listened to as much as I dared without bursting with laughter, which came when the landlord stoutly declared that his "midden" was not public property, I escaped to the stable-yard and, as I drove by the bar-window, heard the exasperating voice of the doctor proclaiming, "Indeed, I could tell you of a case, not five miles from here, to which, if I had not been called immediately," etc.

VIII

THE END OF THE NORTH ROAD

I SUPPOSE my mind was full of Fielding and the essential immobility of the English character, which illustrates so well Goethe's saying, "Men change but Man remains the same," when I was jerked as it were out of the eighteenth century into the twentieth by the violent blowing of a motor-horn. Looking up I saw a large touring-car, driven at great speed and heading straight for me. I blew my horn in reply, and expected to see the approaching car swerve to the other side of the road. But, instead, it came rushing on, and a head-on collision seemed inevitable. It was now too late to escape by turning out, and so, not knowing what to do, I did what proved to be the best thing possible, I brought my car to a sudden stop and waited for the impact! I supposed the driver of the other car was drunk. But evidently he was not so drunk as to plunge into another car, for, with a frightful grinding of brakes he checked his car, the headlights of the two almost touching.

I was too confused to say anything, and so we sat for a moment gazing at one another. He spoke first, and you may imagine my surprise when he said, in a tolerant tone: "Drunk?" To

have my suspicion of him so quickly thrown back upon me so paralyzed me that I was speechless, and simply continued to stare.

"I say," finally remarked my opponent, "are you going to turn out, or are you looking for trouble?"

There was a lady, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say a female, sitting in the tonneau, and she suddenly called out: "Henry, it is an American, and he is on the wrong side of the road!"

It was true! In spite of warnings and good intentions, I had left the car in charge of what De Maistre calls one's *bête*, but what we think it more elegant to call the "subconscious," while my "self" had slipped back into the past to hold converse with the mighty.

It was a foolish-looking "*bête*" which smiled at the lady. But there was no answering smile. Indeed, she was quite enraged, and while her husband—I hope it was her husband—backed his car and crossed to the other side of the road, much as one would go round a sweep rather than touch him, she stood up in the car and, in a tone worthy of Mrs. Raddles, told me what she thought of me and of my unhappy country. It was not "hands," it was "*claws*," across the sea!

Well, I learned a good deal that day: first, that in England the right side of the road is the wrong

side, and, second, that while a "soft answer may turn away wrath," there is nothing that so exasperates an angry woman as to sit silent and smile like an imbecile!

I had intended to pass the night at Grantham, but finding it would make too long a day at the rate at which I was travelling, I turned aside to Peterborough.

My education in motoring progressed by learning something about the rate of travelling. I had been told that twenty miles an hour was a safe and comfortable speed, and consequently seldom allowed the speedometer to rise above that figure. But when I found how often I had to slow down in passing through a village, and to stop altogether in towns on account of traffic, I found that one must keep pretty steadily at "thirty" to average twenty miles an hour.

To this rule ought to be added the remark that the driver who has an instinct for getting off the road loses more time in a day than is expected!

The entrance to the stable-yard at the inn in Peterborough, as is frequently the case in old inns, leads under a narrow archway. These were built when the farmer's two-wheeled gigs were the vogue and were no inconvenience to the driver. But it requires skilful management to turn a motor into one without touching the brickwork on either side. If the hub of a gig collided with

the masonry, it was the brickwork which gave way. But the mud-guard of a motor is about as pliable as metal can well be. If an archway could speak it would doubtless have many a joyful thing to say about these new-fangled machines! How proudly they roll up the High Street! How timidly they turn the corner into the narrow way! How fearfully they crawl toward the opening in the yard! The reckless gigs took the turning with a careless swing and, not infrequently, nipped the buttress, as the deep groove in the brickwork shows. Alas! I had not yet learned caution, and a crumpled mud-guard was the penalty. The grinning ostler did what he could to bend it into shape, but never again would it have the smart appearance it once had, and every chauffeur would look with scorn on the foolish man who had tried to do what the natty gigs had often done and been none the worse for! We are a swifter race than our fathers, but a motor will no more stand what the old carts did than a chauffeur can drink as did those old Jehus, without paying a heavy penalty.

There was still time to see the cathedral before the doors would be closed for the night, and thither I took my way. You know the great church too well for me to dwell upon it. It is not one of the greatest of the English cathedrals; it lacks the majesty of the great fortress at Durham;

it has not the intricate—I had almost said self-conscious—beauty of Lincoln; it is not so vast as Ely, which, as I once heard you say, "rises out of the Fens as if typifying the conquest of heathendom by the Cross"; nor is it so rich in architectural treasures as Gloucester—but how impressive is its simple dignity! Here, I think, one feels less than in the others that it was intended for another service—that is for the worship of another God! Here is enshrined the block-like solidity of the English character. When, next morning, I listened to the familiar words, "Our fathers have told us what thou hast done, in their time of old," I felt that the setting was perfect for that liturgy which has been the most successful in building a bridge by which the souls of men might pass from a Ptolemaic to a Darwinian universe.

The car "pulled" well, and there were no exciting incidents to report for the next two days. The road runs through Grantham and then through Newark, where the beautiful spire of the parish church rises from the market-place. Here, too, a fine bridge crosses the Trent. But I looked in vain for the "monstrous cantle" which Hotspur complained the river "cranking in" had cut out! Perhaps it was not here but at some other part of the river, or perhaps *it was not true at all*, and Hotspur was only trying to get a "rise" out

of Glendower! It is no matter. It only came to my mind as I saw the Trent for the first time.

Donchester comes next, but as I did not pass by the race-course, I can give you no tips!

After this the road enters the rolling Yorkshire hills, where, if the surface were not so good, changes of gear would be frequent, so sharp are the rises of the short hills.

In the early afternoon the towers of Fountain's Abbey rose above the tree-tops, but I did not stop, for I was more than ready for tea, and, moreover, I hasted to reach the "Beeches," where I knew a cordial English welcome, mixed with a dash of American "gush," awaited me.

IX

AN ENGLISH INTERIOR

JOHN said this morning that he was so busy I must write. He added that as all his letters had been "outsides," mine must be an "inside"!

If you ask what keeps him busy, the answer is the car. He and the chauffeur of the house are, I think, breaking the motor to pieces. Not that there was anything the matter with it so far as I could see, but John said it was "not pulling just right," which, I believe, is like the small boy's

excuse for taking a watch to pieces. He wants to see the "wheels go round"! At any rate, the stable-yard is a sight! And so is John! The chauffeur has been dragged away from the fascinating game, but a boy of about fourteen is acting as "plumber assistant." I stepped out for a moment and heard John say, "Here, William, hand me that spanner," and William reply: "Spanner, sir, yes, sir, spanner." John caught my eye and grinned, and at the same instant I caught William winking at "cook," for which, I venture the guess, he will be disciplined, for familiarity does not have much chance to breed contempt in the servants' hall! However, I remembered that if this is to be an "inside" letter, I must go inside to write it.

We have now been here a little more than a week, and I am filled with admiration, not, I fear, unmixed with envy, at the way this great house seems to run itself. Of course, being a woman, my first interest was in the "servant problem," which, so far as I can see, does not exist. Sir Thomas is not rich as we count riches, but there are servants enough, I should think, to run a hotel! And such servants! Trim, neat, perfectly trained, and always respectful. Of course, in England serving is a profession—once a servant always a servant—which must have what you would call a psychological effect. Then servants and masters are of the

same race and have the same religion. Surely there must be a spiritual bond between people who begin the day's work with prayer.

I talked this over with Maud. She began to say, "In forming one's opinion on facts with which one is not familiar," but I stopped her, saying: "That won't do. You are talking just like Thomas." She blushed a little at this, but answered defiantly: "Well, he is a good person to talk like."

"No," I answered, "no one is good to talk like."

She laughed at this queer sentence and then, with a true Yankee drawl, imitating old Captain Hyde, of Silver Harbor, said: "Well, by Godfrey, I ain't never seen a pancake so thin it didn't have a nunder side!"

"Well," said I, "what is the under side to this pancake?"

"It is this: while it is true we pay about half as much for servants here as we do at home, on the other hand, we must have twice the number. Everything is so specialized that if one were to ask the parlor-maid to do a piece of work which properly belongs to the housemaid, it would be like asking Dr. Shattuck to pull a tooth!"

"Do you mean that in case of sickness one of them would not lend a hand with another's work?"

"Oh, I don't mean that literally, but it would be

a favor that could not be counted on, and if it happened often enough to have the look of establishing a precedent—unless you have lived in England you can have no understanding of what a precedent means—she would probably 'give warning,' and if you think it pleasant to live in the house for a month with a young person who has given warning, you are mistaken!"

"Well, why not pay her a month's wages and ler her go?"

"You cause me to smile! In the first place, it would be considered extravagant, and, besides, it might do the girl an injustice. It might be thought a reflection on her character. The 'justice' of the English is, in my opinion, carried to an extreme! Nor are these the only reasons. You can't imagine the difficulties of replacing a servant. Endless questions have to be asked, such as whether she is Church of England or 'Chapel,' and much more intimate questions that you would think—and so do I—are none of one's business. It is not as it was in Boston, where if Mary Maloney said 'I think I'll be leaving you,' all you had to do would be to step around into Charles Street and tell your troubles to Mrs. McCarthy, and, behold! she would have 'A noice girrl, not long over, not knowin' all the ways, maybe, but willin' to learn, and comin' of decent people.' It is true she wouldn't know a dust-

pan from a skillet, but she would do what she was told, and soon have an interest in the family and be loyal to them.

"She would not join in family prayers, and indeed at first would run out into the pantry when papa said grace, but in case of sickness she would take part of her afternoon 'off' to go to church to pray for the baby, or maybe burn a candle to the saint who specialized in your trouble! They are not neat, they are not well trained, they are not bigoted about truth, but they are human!"

"Maud Simpson!" I cried, "how many times have I heard you say: 'If I only had nice English servants I should ask for nothing more in life'? I don't believe you mean it."

"Well, perhaps I don't. The fact is that underhousemaid spoke to me this morning with that correct insolence one cannot take hold of, and I have been feeling all day as if I would rather be 'sassed' by Katie Hogan!"

X

HUSBAND AND WIFE

It was not till later in the day that I had an opportunity of continuing my conversation with Maud, and when I did I took it up where we had left it, and said: "Well, at any rate there is no

'under side' to the Miles 'pancake'! Miles, I should explain, is the 'Nanny' or nurse.

"Really," said she, "that is almost literally true. She is wonderful."

"Why is it," I asked, "that we have never been able to get anything like that at home? When I think of the Irish nurses who are kind and faithful, no doubt, but quite untruthful, and speak with an Irish-American accent which is making the English language, as spoken in America, the most unmusical tongue in the world, and then see how these English children are taught, almost from the cradle, to speak clearly, softly, and musically, I am ashamed of the way in which we have wasted our heritage. Why is it we cannot find women like our trained nurses who would undertake the task of training the children to speak the language of Shakespeare, of which we hear so much and speak so little? Why is it not as interesting to teach good manners to the leaders of our future society as to keep their pampered little bodies healthy? Why are the girls who are starving on the pay of a school-teacher unwilling to undertake the fundamental education of the favored classes, not as menials, but as honored and respected friends, treated exactly as our trained nurses are? Why is it?"

"For mercy's sake stop," cried Maud. "You make my head swim with your 'whys'! If I try

to answer any of your questions you will say I am talking like Thomas."

"Never mind whom you talk like, if only you answer them," I replied.

"Well, I don't believe any one can answer them all, but one difficulty in the importation of the 'Nanny' is that you do not understand the secret spring of English life, *i. e.*, of people of a certain position. Of course a nursery like this cannot be found in a house of people of small means. The head nurse is waited on by the second nurse, and is obeyed by the other servants. She does not take her meals in the servants' hall, but is served in the nursery. She holds the position of an N. C. O. in the army. The whole American household would have to be changed to make way for the English nurse."

"Very likely," I said, "but why should that not be done? Look how the rich at home ape the English with their silly footmen and insolent butlers! Surely they could find a place for such a nurse as Miles, who would teach their children to be interested in simple things and to use their voices so that speaking would be like singing. Why, I know English children of nine years of age who have a vocabulary which a sophomore with us might envy! Only yesterday when I stopped Edward when he was on his way to work in his garden, he said: 'Excuse me, Aunt Ruth,

but my business is rather urgent!' 'Urgent!' Could President Eliot have said better? And yet he is far from being a prig. Indeed, to speak frankly, he is a limb! I tell you what the American home would have to do first: it would have to dispense with the services of the trained nurse! I wouldn't admit it to an Englishwoman, but the trained nurse is an American institution because so many women 'enjoy ill health.' Think how many houses there are where, if the mother needs a holiday, say for a week or so, the trained nurse is installed, and the temperature of a healthy child is taken three times a day! Think of the 'homes' where the trained nurse is kept by the year! Is it any wonder Christian Science makes headway? It is the inevitable reaction from all this fussing about disease. I hope the day will come when it will be an 'unseemly' thing to speak of sickness. We spread contagion with our tongues!"

"Whose talking like some one now?" said Maud. "You sound like John." Then, when she had finished laughing at her own wit, she continued: "After all, you are talking about a very limited class, what papa used to call 'fluff.'"

"That may be; still there are many people who could well afford to pay an English nurse what they are paying a trained nurse and save money by so doing."

"Yes, but it is more than a question of money —indeed, money has nothing to do with it. The truth is the 'Nanny' is the last blooming of the feudal system. These women have the hearts of the old retainers. They identify themselves with the families they serve, and are as proud of the children as if they were their own. Can you imagine Miles taking a place with the Rosenthals? No, she is a part of this family, and the children no more think of parting with her than with me. As long as she lives she will be a part of their lives. The mails from all over the world bring letters to the 'Nannies' from men whose names the whole world knows. So, while you might import Miles, you could not graft her into a social democracy! A certain noble lord was once accused of being a 'snob.' He laughingly replied: 'You should see my Nanny!'

"Then there is another difficulty—such people as Alice Burns and Elsie Graham, who do not see their children once a week, who meet the doctor, for whom the trained nurse sent, as they leave the house to go to dinner or to the opera, and ask him if 'it' is contagious, but are afraid to go and see for themselves, might be willing to have such an one as Miles, if it became the fashion, but the typical American mother would not allow another woman to have such authority over her children as the English nurse has. It is she who

decides whether the children shall be dosed, whether they should be punished, and whether their conduct has been such as to justify their appearance at lunch, or, if so, whether they deserve 'sweets'! Can you imagine Mrs. Sherburne allowing that—or Mr. Sherburne, either?"

I had to admit that I should not like that side of it.

"Then," said Maud, "you had better give up all thoughts of Miles!"

"But how do English mothers like it?"

"They accept it as part of the universe, like vegetable marrow and cold rooms! But there is something more that I do not suppose you can understand. Englishwomen do not crave the society of their children as American women do, because they have the companionship of their husbands to a degree unknown at home."

"You must be crazy! There is more true companionship between husbands and wives in America than anywhere else in the world."

"Don't get excited," said Maud. "It is not the Fourth of July! I was not speaking of quality but of quantity. The management of the household is not left to women, as it is at home. The husband and wife consult about a thousand things that American husbands know nothing about. If the husband is in politics, as Thomas is, the wife visits the constituency and makes speeches

as well as the man. At any dinner you will notice that the women talk politics as intelligently as the men do. Such intellectual companionship would be impossible if the woman were tied down to the nursery. How many really intelligent men does one meet at a dinner-party in Boston or New York? They will not accept such invitations, because the women are not their intellectual companions. They are beautifully gowned and lovely to look at, but they expect to be admired every minute! Then take the institution of 'the week-end.' If people are not stopping here, Thomas and I are off to some other house. I have a quiet mind because Miles is here. No, a 'Nanny' is as necessary in an English house as is an N. C. O. in the army, for the rules of the house are equally strict."

Some of those rules strike us as queer. For instance, even when only the family is present, dinner is a formal affair. Instead of gathering in the hall as before lunch, we assemble in the drawing-room, and when the hour strikes, the butler appears and announces: "Dinner is served, Sir Thomas!" I confess when I first heard that, my eyebrows went up a trifle. Maud saw it and laughed. "Yes," she said, "I felt that way at first, and told Thomas that if the butler thought he could ignore me, he was mistaken!"

"I think, my dear, what you said was that 'he

had another guess coming,'" said Thomas, with a smile.

"I 'guess' I did," laughed Maud. "At any rate, now that I understand the reason, I submit, I hope, gracefully."

"You could not do anything otherwise," he replied.

"Well," I exclaimed, "when the billing and cooing are over, I too should like to know the reason."

"Every country has its customs," said Sir Thomas, I thought a bit stolidly. "America has hers and England hers. The difference is that the English can give a reason for theirs, whereas I doubt if Americans always can."

I saw he was trying to get a "rise" out of me and so answered: "Such as?"

"Well, for instance, if a man goes to church in America, he takes the aisle seat, and if a lady enters he steps out and allows her to pass, instead of moving up as an Englishman would do. Is there any reason for that?"

"Certainly," I answered. "That is a survival of the custom of the early days when the men went to church carrying their flintlocks, which they might be called upon to use against the Indians at any minute, and could not wait for the women and children to clear the way."

"That strikes me as an interesting explanation

of the origin of a custom rather than as a reason for its continuance. Indeed, I would suggest that it is a custom that might be discontinued with advantage, for it seems to have been carried from the church to the trams, and is, I suppose, accountable for the existence of what I have seen in the American papers called 'the end-seat hog.'"

We all laughed at this, but I said it looked to me like a red herring.

But he said: "No, the English custom of having the host rather than the hostess notified of the serving of dinner is not merely a survival from the days when women counted for little, but has a practical value to-day. Inasmuch as the host is expected to 'take in' the lady of leading rank, it is of consequence that he, and not the hostess, who comes last, should be informed when the procession should start."

I must say that seems a reasonable explanation. And when I think of the confusion that is apt to follow at home when we try to be formal—as, for instance, when the host is talking to the prettiest girl in the room up to the last minute, and his wife has to inform him that dinner is ready, because his charmer has been so engrossing that he has not heard the butler, and he hastens to escort the "lady" of a congressman, I am inclined to think we had better follow the English way or

else revert to the primitive custom of "choosing partners"!

You will think I have been reading the *Countess*, or one of the other papers which teach the middle classes to ape the aristocracy, and are probably muttering: "What earthly difference does it make to us what are the customs of a society which is soon to pass away?" But you are wrong. This particular thing is of no value, as you and I both know. The point is, we Americans are continually saying that the English do not understand us. Do we understand them? If we would take the trouble to learn the reason for some of our differences, would it not do more for the peace of the world than all those stupid banquets, with their talk about "our common blood," when every one knows that at least a third of those present have not a drop of English blood in their veins, and some of them, as Roosevelt is reported to have said, "thank God for it"?

John is calling to know if I intend to type all night, and you will long ago have wished that I would stop! Well, you will not be troubled by me soon again, for to-morrow we start on our trip, and John will want to tell you about it himself.

XI

THE FOURTH SPEED

This came near being my last letter to you. No, that does not look right! What I mean is the one before this came near being the last. This is what happened: When we were leaving the "Beeches" a few days ago, my brother-in-law, in looking over the car, discovered the "fourth speed." As he had never seen one on an English car, he asked me what value it had. I was not quite clear in my own mind as to its value, and tried to recall what the agent had said about it. Finally I remarked that I had not had occasion to use it as yet, but that it was a good thing to have, because when one was running at forty miles or more, it steadied the car and took the strain off the engine.

"Good Lord," he exclaimed, "you don't mean to say you are going to drive forty miles an hour, do you?"

"No, not at present, but it's a good thing to have if one should want it."

"I should think it a jolly good thing to have if I were tired of life or of my wife!"

This rather nettled me, but I said nothing, chiefly because I did not know what to say! But I thought he was probably right, and that I could

get all the speed I could control by running in "high."

It was one of those days, cool, dry, shining, which are as rare in England as they are common at home, say in October. A day on which one feels it is good to be alive. I was glad of this for Ruth's sake, for she was sad at parting with her sister and the children, and I was glad for my own sake, because I like to feel that it is good to be alive! I was also glad for the motor's sake, for it was running "fine"! Perhaps the reason both we and the motor rejoiced was because both human and mechanical engines function best when there is an uninterrupted flow of the electric current upon which both depend for their greatest efficiency. At any rate, the car seemed alive, and "pulled like a good 'un," as Sir Thomas's chauffeur remarked as we drove away.

I know you have driven over the hills of the "West Riding," and therefore remember that it is all "up hill and down dale." But with you the horse slowly mounted the hills and then held back on the descent. But with a motor it is different; the hills must be rushed so that one mounts halfway up the opposing rise before the impetus of the descent is lost. This requires constant shifting of gears which becomes rather tiresome, and after a while one begins to look for a bit of level ground on which the car will run without much attention

from the driver, or for a long straight hill, not too steep, down which one can coast.

Such a hill we soon reached. But as we began the descent I saw that it was steeper than I had supposed, and so began the descent slowly. But the car soon gained a greater speed than I wished, so I threw her into second and pressed on the foot-brake. Still she ran too fast, and I saw that this was a steeper hill than I had ever met, and much as I disliked doing so, knowing how ruinous it is to the tires, I put on the emergency brake. But what was my horror to find that we were now shooting down the hill at a speed greater than I had ever felt since the days when I tobogganed! However, there was nothing more to be done, and I could only hope that we should meet nothing in the way. But that hope was short-lived, for at the moment I saw, near the foot of the hill, a picnic party which had backed their pony-cart against the hedge, leaving the pony standing across the road while they leisurely unpacked a lunch-basket and other paraphernalia for a feast. It was true there was room to pass if one drove carefully and slowly, but we were not going slowly! Indeed, one glance at the speedometer brought my heart into my throat! I have read of men who were cool in moments of danger—I must be a hero, for I was *cold!* I could only hope that Ruth had not seen, or, if she had,

had not understood. I blew the klaxon furiously; saw a boy run to the pony's head. I blew again two sharp blasts, and, fortunately, he had sense enough to see he should be struck, and so jumped clear. The pony threw back his head with a snort, and we shot by without an inch to spare between the cart and a solid stone post opposite. Ruth was as white as death but uttered no sound. The silence was broken by the voice of the child who had been so near death. But what he said seemed inadequate. It was: "Oh, I say!" James Freeman Clarke attributed the profanity of the kindly boatmen on the Ohio River to a lack of vocabulary. Perhaps that was the reason the boy did not swear!

Well, the longest lane has a turning and the steepest hill a bottom, so at length the car began to slow down as it struck the opposite rise, and finally came to a full stop.

Then Ruth spoke. But, angel as she is, all she said was: "Don't you think, dear, that was a little fast?"

I said I thought it was, and that I would go slower hereafter!

I could not imagine what had happened. The brakes were new, and while the chauffeur at the "Beeches" had warned me that they were too light, I thought that was because he did not understand the difference there is in weight between

an English and an American car. As I say, I could not understand it. The car had behaved as if it were alive—like a high-spirited horse, "full of beans," who had taken the bit into its teeth and bolted.

I descended and took a good look at every part of the machine. I found that the foot-brake was in order, *but the emergency brake had not been touched.* I have no doubt that such a student of the "subconscious" as yourself has already discovered the answer to the riddle. Yes, you are right! It was Sir Thomas's foolishness in talking about the "fourth speed," as I was leaving, that had lodged in my subconscious mind and led me to pull, not the emergency brake, but the fourth-speed lever!

I asked a laborer, plodding home to his dinner, the name of the little hamlet at the top of the hill. He answered: "Sawley."

"Why, that can hardly be," I replied. "I passed Sawley soon after leaving Ripon."

"Ay," he replied, "there be two of 'em."

"Well, one is enough for me," I answered.

He made no reply; simply stared at me as if he thought I was a fool. I guess he was right!

The motor-car has completed the work begun by the bicycle of breaking down "the middle wall of partition" which divided Englishmen from strangers. The motor is a letter of introduction

to every owner. At the inn where we stopped for lunch were a young couple who, like ourselves, were making a trip, and when I asked some question about roads they opened their maps and not only gave us the desired information but also a valuable "tip," from which I learned on authority what otherwise I could have learned only by experience—that is, by loss of time and labor.

My new friend, for such I must call him, was much interested on learning we had come so far, and expressed a wish to see an American car. He was greatly impressed by the "self-starter," but insisted—as did every other Englishman who spoke to me on the subject—that the car was too light to stand up as an English car does. He also said that he had been told that the American brakes were not to be depended upon.

This led to a confession of my folly of the morning. I should have thought twice before telling it to a fellow countryman, for he would have thought it a high joke, and have "rubbed it in." But this serious young man was filled with horror at our narrow escape from death, and was altogether sympathetic. This led him to give me the "tip" of which I have spoken. It was very simple: "In descending a hill," said he, "judge its angle of descent and adjust your gear accordingly, then switch off the current, let in the clutch, and the engine will act as a brake. You will

always have the brakes in reserve, but seldom use them. I have been over the highest passes of the Alps, with the exception of the Stelvio, without touching the brake."

"All's well that ends well," but I wish I might have known this simple rule earlier in the day!

XII

"JAEL THE WIFE OF HEBER THE KENITE"

JOHN has not written lately because the car has been running well! He says you care only for "thrillers," and that there have been none since he last wrote. "Laus Deo!" add I. So to-day, which is a Sunday, I am writing in his place.

I am sorry to say I am not at all pleased with him! You know how unconventional and outspoken he is; well, I have had to tell him more than once that while his way of talking is well enough at home, where people know and love him, and where, even if they do not know him, they are more or less like him, and so understand that what he says is not to be taken *au pied de la lettre*, here people are different—their yea is yea, and their nay nay. The English are not only matter of fact, but have an awful reverence for truth, and do not understand what John means when

he says that "Lying can be the highest form of truth"! So when a man says a thing they not unnaturally think he means it.

Well, all this introduction leads to the events of the day. This morning we went to the cathedral. I must say it was a shock to find that there were less than a hundred people in the choir—where the service was held. However, all went well enough until the sermon: the preacher announced—no, *sung*—his text, "Blessed among women shall Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite be. Blessed shall she be among women in the tent," and then proceeded: "We will think of Jael, my dear brethren, not merely as the wife of Heber the Kenite, but rather as a type of the Blessed Virgin." What followed I shall never know, for at this moment John picked up his hat and umbrella and left, and I, fearing he might be faint, quickly followed. When we got outside, I said, "Are you sick, dear?" and he replied: "Not yet, but I should have been had I waited a moment longer."

"Was the air close?" I innocently asked.

"No, it was as damp and drafty as usual, but I could not have stood that creature another minute."

Then followed a diatribe on the Established Church, which I will spare you. Before he had finished, there was not one stone left upon another

of the cathedral system! "Such an array of clergy, such a choir, such an organ, such everything to make the service glorious, and yet fewer people than could be found in a mission chapel—the extravagance of it, the futility of it—why, half the people there were American tourists! Why don't they take the money and use it for some good purpose?"

"'This ointment might have been sold for much,'" I quoted.

"No, you don't," he growled. "Was the 'whole house filled with the odor of the ointment'? Is England? Is this town? Was the great cathedral? Was the choir even? There was no odor of ointment. There was nothing but a *stench!*"

"John!" I protested.

"Well, perhaps that was too strong. But, honestly, was there any feeling of the majesty of God there? I say nothing of his love—any pity for poor struggling souls? 'A type of the Blessed Virgin,' forsooth! If he must talk of Jael, why did he not tell the truth and remind the people that if she were living to-day she would be in jail—no, that is not a pun—waiting for the report of the grand jury? Is it not due to Mary's Son that she can no longer be counted 'blessed'? It is not the blasphemy, it is the unreality of the whole performance which is so dreadful. The

preacher no doubt is a decent, law-abiding Englishman, who would be horrified if he read such a story in the *Times*, but because it is embedded in the Bible he considers it his duty to find a mystic meaning in it. This sort of talk is what leads to moral confusion, and is one of the reasons why the church is losing its hold on thoughtful people. The day was when the 'world' was full of darkness and the church full of light, but now the 'world' has a clearer moral vision than the church—or, at any rate, than that preposterous creature has."

By this time, as you may believe, there was not much of the "joy of the sanctuary" left in me! We walked down to the river, and after a long silence John began to recite:

> "O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
> And call the cattle home,
> And call the cattle home,
> Across the sands o' Dee."

The tears came to my eyes, and John said, now quietly and reverently: "He was a man"—meaning Kingsley—"and there must be some like him. But, not 'in king's houses'! Why did not the preacher call *that* Mary a type of the Virgin? Why didn't he recite the 'Sands o' Dee'? Is it not as truly inspired as Judges?"

By this time my ill humor had passed, and I

said: "Perhaps because he could not recite it as well as you."

John laughed, and then said, "I'm sorry. Let us try and forget him," meaning, I suppose, the preacher, who probably was at that moment eating his Sunday roast and listening to his wife's praises of the sermon!

In the afternoon I announced that I thought of going to even-song, and to my dismay John said he would go with me! I thought it was running into temptation, and intimated as much, but he said he was going to do penance. Well, it proved to be a lovely penance! The sermon was so beautiful and simple, on the words "I know where thou dwellest." It was about home—where we dwell. "Is it such," said the preacher, "as we should wish Our Lord to visit?" He was an old man, and the sermon was like the talk of a father to his children. It radiated love. Then came the anthem, "Love Divine," and as the voice of the tenor was lifted up the boy's soprano followed, rising still higher, till in one final "Love Divine" the great arches of the roof re-echoed with the melody. I confess that I wept, and John said softly: "How perfect it all was! I understand now why the townspeople—the nave was filled—come to such a service."

So we wended our way back to the hotel, feeling that the day had not been altogether lost.

XIII

"AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING"

I SAID that the day was not altogether lost, but, alas! it was not yet over. We were sitting in the garden after the cold supper always served in lieu of dinner on Sunday evenings. John was smoking his pipe and all was peaceful when a man sitting near us suddenly turned to John and said: "I saw you in the cathedral this morning, but as you left hurriedly I feared you might be ill. I hope not."

Why can't John be good all the time? Or, if that is not possible, why can't he tell a lie? Surely the latter would have been better than to blurt out: "No, thank you. I was quite well, but when I found the talk was to be about Jael, I thought it best to take my wife out. I don't think Jael is a proper person to be spoken about in the presence of decent people."

"God bless me!" exclaimed the other, "how extraordinary!"

Fortunately, at that moment the man in charge of the garage appeared with the information that he had succeeded in getting the distilled water needed for the batteries, as the chemist's shop was now open, and John departed with him to see to dropping it in.

There was a long silence, and then the stranger said: "Are you an American?"

When I told him, he said: "Really, I should never have suspected it!"

How thankful I was that the chemist had opened his shop just when he did, for that "compliment" —for such of course it was intended to be—affects John as "sheeny" does an Irishman.

"Of course," continued my neighbor, "I saw at once that your husband was an American. But how does it happen that you speak without an accent?"

I laughed and said: "Probably because I had lived until my marriage in Boston, and am of pure English stock, whereas my husband is of mixed race, possibly having no English blood at all in him."

"Dear me! You don't mean to say Indian or negro, do you?"

Thank goodness that distilled water has to be put in drop by drop, or John would have been in the place he said the wife of Heber should be in! I explained that my husband's ancestors on one side had come from Ulster, and on the other from Wales, so that he did not have quite the same feeling about England that I have, whose people came from Norfolk and Devon.

He remarked it was a pity—I suppose for John, not for me—but I did not inquire. It is, however,

a funny thing that while the English speak of curiosity as an American characteristic, they never seem to think there is any reason they should not ask us any questions which come into their heads. John, to whom, I need not say, I am indebted for this observation, says that it is because they look on us as freaks! And that just as children at the circus will pinch the legs of those unfortunate creatures called freaks—a thing they would never dream of doing to "humans"—so the English take liberties with us which they would never take with their own countrymen. But you know how he talks!

My new acquaintance was evidently not yet satisfied, for he continued: "You know that was rather an original remark of your husband's about the sermon this morning."

I replied that he was rather an original person.

"But," he said, "if you once begin that sort of thing, where will it end?"

"What sort of thing?" I asked.

"Why, talking about those people in the Bible as if they were real people living to-day, don't you know."

"Don't you think of them as real?"

"I don't think of them at all."

"But when they are spoken of in a sermon, what do you think?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, I am apt to take a little snooze. I have done my part in the service, made the responses and that sort of thing, you know, and when it comes to the sermon, that's parson's job. He has to do something, and I take it for granted he knows his business and pay no attention to him. But if I once started in to consider whether he was right or wrong, where should I end? I know jolly well that Sunday would be no day of rest! Look at your husband, now—he is all worked up over the sermon this morning, but it did me no harm. To tell you the truth, I don't think I ever met a man before who cared what a parson says. Well, perhaps I don't quite mean that, but what surprised me was that he talked as if he had been listening to a speech by Lloyd George or Asquith, or one of those men, on a subject that really matters."

"But you think the clergy ought to talk on things that really matter?"

"In a way, yes. But not as a regular thing. That is the mistake the Non-conformists make. I have a son-in-law who goes to chapel, and at Sunday dinner the family talk over the sermon as if they had been to a political meeting. I don't call that making Sunday a day of rest. Why should I want to have a parson tell me what to think or what to do? What does he know

about the life of *men?* I expect I know what I *ought* to do as well as he does."

"Why then have a sermon at all?"

"Well, it's the custom, and I believe in keeping up the old customs. And, besides, the parson ought to have something to do. Of course in a large town where there are working people, with a lot of drunkenness and fighting and that sort of thing, the parsons are pretty busy. As I said to my son-in-law a fortnight ago, when he was saying the Established Church ought to go, the money ought to be taken for other purposes, and all that sort of thing which the radicals are always saying, well, I said to him, 'You don't look deep enough. Think what the church saves the country every year in police alone! The Established Church is the bulwark of society,' I said, 'and if you break that down, what will take its place? The people who need it least will build churches for themselves, and those who need it most will have none. And, let me tell you, when that day comes, you will soon learn whether you are paying less or more to maintain order. And that is not all,' I said, for by this time I was pretty hot, 'the Established Church keeps alive the spirit of the empire. But in your chapels your ministers talk as if there were other countries as good as England. They are a lot of radicals and have no respect for land, yet it is on the land England

depends, and the church knows that and never offends the landlord.' He didn't like this overmuch, and I doubt if I go there soon again. No, I am all for the church; what I say is: 'As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end, Amen!'"

And with that confession of faith he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and stumped off to bed.

How will it all end? Will the church set its face against the rising tide of democracy and make Canute its patron saint? I don't dare ask John. I wish you were here that we might talk things over! You would be so sympathetic, for you love England dearly, which I fear John does not, and therefore, I feel, cannot understand her. Well, I comfort myself by thinking what I believe you would say: "England has the 'root of the matter' in her, and if a great crisis were to arise, Englishmen will show that they are to-day what they have always been, and the church will follow the higher call. England will never do penance and sit in a sheet, in the face of the nations confessing the 'sins and offenses of her youth,' but she will set her house in order and meet the new age with courage and faith and hope, as she has ever done, and the 'glory of the latter house will be greater than that of the former'! 'As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be,' embodies a great truth which your muddle-

headed friend was trying to express. He thought, and alas! he is not alone in so thinking, that the *form* makes the stability, whereas it is the eternal stability of the English character in which he believes, and so do I."

So with these comforting thoughts I am going to bed. My Tory friend was right in one respect —it has not been a restful day!

XIV

RURAL ENGLAND

On leaving "Barchester" we took the road to Gloucester. I think it safe to say that it is the finest road for motoring in England, which is equivalent to saying in the world. The French roads, I am told, are in some ways superior, but so straight and hard and white that travelling on them soon becomes monotonous. Then they are so artificial, running like the road the Tsar is said to have laid out with a ruler, between Petersburg and Moscow! But the English roads run naturally, with many a turn from town to town, just as man first found it easy to walk. Of course we now have roads at home equal to any—for the first year or two—but think how many generations have used these roads, and always, I imagine,

kept them in repair. The difference is like that between a granite bridge and one of our new concrete ones. At first there seems nothing to choose between them; but when the rain and frost of a few seasons have done their work, the one has begun to look dingy and shabby, while the other has gained in dignity.

Of course it is not only the surface of the road which makes motoring on it so delightful; it is the continuous succession of lovely rural scenes. For example, we had not gone many miles when we met a horseman—an ancient groom we supposed—riding along the grass by the roadside and followed by a pack of hounds, which he was "walking." Ruth jumped from the car and begged to be allowed to take a kodak of them. He smilingly called them together, the older ones looking up into his face and the pups still nosing about the grass. The light was good and the promise of a satisfactory picture excellent.

The "groom" asked if he might have a picture when the film had been developed, which Ruth said she would be delighted to send if he would give her his address.

"Just address it, ma'am, to 'James the Huntsman, The Kennels, Blankshire.'"

"But your last name?" she asked.

"That is my name, ma'am, James the Huntsman."

So we learned that not only was he not a groom but that we were not in the twentieth century but still in feudal England, where a man's occupation was his designation—the individual not having yet emerged! That his status should be fixed for life was evidently as satisfactory to "James the Huntsman" as, it is to be presumed, was his master's, whether knight or baronet, to him.

"It is like a scene from 'Ivanhoe,'" said Ruth, when we were again under way. "If we were a little farther to the east, in Northamptonshire, where Sherwood Forest lies, I have no doubt we should meet Gurth the serf, or Robin Hood!"

"No," said I, "the serfs are working in factories, and Robin Hood is in the 'city.'"

"You talk like William Jennings Bryan," mocked Ruth.

A few miles farther on we came to another England. Again we met a horseman. I said this time a "groom," but Ruth said she was sure he would call himself "chevalier."

Whoever he was he looked noble enough to be a duke. He was riding a seal-brown horse whose coat shone like a chestnut in the sunlight. I noticed that the horse was restive, and so shut off the engine till he should pass. The rider thanked me, touching his cap—so I suppose he could not have been a duke—and remarked that the horse was "full of beans."

I said it was a superb animal, and the groom, leaning forward to pat his neck, for the horse was still nervous, replied: "He ought to be, sir, for he's own brother to"—I am sorry to say I have forgotten the name—"winner of the Derby." So we had met the aristocracy, after all!

Not long after this we met a flock of sheep. Again we stopped. But we got no thanks from the surly shepherd—Ruth said because he was so tired—but the panting dog, who ran from side to side on the road, gave us a grateful glance, as much as to say: "I am glad you did that, for had you kept on, these fools would have been all over the road, and I should have been beaten."

But it was not only the passengers on the "king's highway" who kept us entertained—not to say entranced—but houses and gardens on either side made it hard to keep the tenth commandment!

When I said this to Ruth, she replied that it could hardly be my neighbor's wife whom I coveted, which was true, if cattish, for the ones we saw were more worthy than alluring! The ox and the ass were not in evidence, but I suspect Ruth coveted the man servant, and specially the maid servant, of whom we caught glimpses from time to time, flitting across the well-trimmed lawns or standing at the servants' entrance, gossiping with the butcher or the baker or the candle-

stick-maker—what difference can it make to a young woman who is forbidden to have "followers"?

It was the houses which tempted me. There was an infinite variety to choose from—Elizabethan, Tudor, Jacobean (I am not sure I am always right about the period)—but I recognized the real Queen Anne. Here was a "gentleman's residence" and there a tiny cottage covered with climbing roses. I noted scores of Elizabethan houses with chimneys as graceful as the smoke which curled from them. Why cannot a modern architect design a chimney which will draw the eye as well as the smoke? And the gardens! Those of the poor as well as of the rich were a riot of color. There were dogs and ponies and "governess-carts," and all the things we are familiar with in the illustrated papers. As I looked at all these delectable things, it seemed to me that England was an earthly paradise; as old Gaunt says, "A second Eden." I grew melancholy as I remembered the "L" and the crowded subway, and the noise and the dirt of our chief city, the struggle for existence and the prevailing discontent—every man striving to surpass his neighbor—no one content with that station in life to which "it had pleased God to call him." How many Americans, I said to myself, believe God has called them to anything? Here, I con-

tinued, is peace and contentment. Would God that I were there!

Now Ruth has an uncanny way of knowing of what one is thinking, so I was not startled when she broke into my revery by saying:

"Yes, it is all beautiful, but how long could you stand it? I do not mean what you now see, but what you do not see! How many people have taken off their caps to us this morning simply because they believe us to belong to the 'gentry'? In that last village through which we passed, did the children 'bob' to us because they recognized our superiority in character or education? You would not have been the vicar of that lovely Norman church we passed five miles back one month before there would have been trouble! The 'servility' of the 'lower classes' would so have gotten on your nerves that you would have insulted some laborer for the satisfaction of having him answer you like a man! You would find another thing, which is that 'kowtowing' is not confined to one class. If the laborer 'kowtows' to the vicar, the vicar must 'kowtow' to the lord of the manor."

"Why, Ruth," I cried, "where is Bryan now? You talk like the ladies on the soap-boxes in Union Square!"

"You forget," she said, "that I am not talking

about myself. I should adore to have the school children 'bob' to me, and would be quite willing in turn to 'bob' to the Lady Emeline or to the Dowager Countess. But you! Really, John, I sometimes think you know yourself less than any one I ever met!"

"It's lucky I have you to show me what I am like," I growled.

"Indeed it is," she cheerfully replied. "I'll tell you whom you are like: you are exactly like Crugan!"

To show you how absurd the comparison is, I must tell you something about Tom Crugan. He lived in our ward before he made his fortune, and was a good fellow—is still, so far as I know! More than once he had helped me when some poor wretch had got into trouble and needed a little "influence." When he got the contract for a section of the subway, he made a lot of money—I hope honestly! Then he made a lucky investment in real estate, which, curiously enough, the city found it must have—at an advance in price—and then Tom and his family made the grand tour. Mrs. Crugan kept herself in the background, but the girls, who were real Irish beauties, had a *succès fou.* One of them married an Italian prince, and the other a German count. Well, Tom stayed abroad about two years and then

suddenly returned. He came down to our part of the town soon after, to look after some property he held there, and I saw him.

"Hello, Crugan," I said. "I am glad to see you back. Did you like Europe?"

"I did for a while," he replied, "but the best day of the trip was when I set foot in Hoboken. The carriage was there to meet us, and when I had put my wife in, she says to me: 'Ain't you comin' too, Tom?'

"'Not in a carriage, I ain't,' says I. 'And what is more, if that coachman touches his hat to me again, I'm liable to do him an injury! You go on up, mother, and I'll be there most as soon as you, anyway.'

"So I got onto a Christopher Street ferry, and caught a crosstown and swung onto a Fourth Avenue and went out onto the front platform to smoke a cigar and watch the driver handle his team. Pretty soon a mail-wagon got across the tracks, and he had to pull up pretty sharp, and the handle of his brake caught me in the stomach. Did he throw a fit because he had hit a man who was smoking a twenty-five-cent cigar? He did not. He turns to me and says: 'Why the hell can't you keep your belly out of my brake?' Say, I could have kissed that man!"

XV

EDUCATION

One day at Gloucester and one at Wells enabled us to get only hasty impressions of each. The west front of the latter was not so impressive as the pictures of it had led me to expect. Indeed, it looks like a sort of afterthought, and might as well have been put a hundred feet farther away for all the connection it has with the cathedral. However, when I am made an English bishop, it is Wells I shall choose for the bishop's garden!

But Gloucester, like Rome, would require a lifetime to exhaust. The whole history of western ecclesiastical architecture is built into its walls. Like the English constitution, it is neither an evolution nor a revolution. It is a series of new things put onto the old. Perhaps for that reason it is so impressive. It is not logical, but it works! The rough Saxon stonework was not torn down when the more stately Norman was added but left standing to bear witness to the past. And so the various styles of Gothic, from the early pointed to the highly decorative, have in turn been added, and the result is a structure in some ways the most impressive in England and perfectly rep-

resentative of the English people. I thought of "The Chambered Nautilus":

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll:
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast—
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

From Wells we returned to Bath, crossing the Mendips, or are they the Cotswolds? On the steep ascent we passed two bicyclists, a parson and a very pretty girl, evidently his daughter. I wished we had two vacant seats to offer them, for it is a stiff climb. We did offer the one we had to the pretty girl, but though she looked tired, she was a good sport, and declined to leave her father to toil up the hill alone. I hope he was grateful, but Englishmen have a way of accepting sacrifices from their womenfolk which we do not understand. At any rate, it was pleasant to see the companionship between the two.

We spent the night at Bath in a pretentious and uncomfortable hotel, and moralized on Beau Brummel and his preposterous patron. I can never forgive Sir Walter Scott for his laudation of the Prince Regent, but, on the other hand, Thackeray's picture is as relentless as a portrait by Sargent.

From Bath we passed over to Winchester, taking in a corner of the New Forest *en route.*

After we had seen the great cathedral and college at Winchester, we walked to St. Cross, which is a home for old men. I have forgotten how old it is, but the custom of receiving pilgrims remains unchanged through all the many years. Each "pilgrim" is given a piece of bread and a mug of ale at the porter's lodge. We pilgrims were not hungry enough to enjoy either.

I had a letter to the head master, who, unfortunately, was away, but one of the house masters received us kindly and showed us about.

Of course the talk turned on education and the relative merits of English and American schools. Our guide had never been in America, but if you think that prevented him from having definite views on American methods of education, you do not know the English! He was inclined to admit that what he called our "board schools" were, perhaps, in some respects better than the English, but when it came to the question of "public" schools—such as the Phillips Academies at Exeter and Andover, or St. Paul's or Groton, he found it difficult to speak what he believed to be the truth and at the same time be polite. So he contented himself with saying that the English standard is much higher; which, I fear, cannot be denied. I asked him what boys of fifteen were

reading in Latin, and when he replied, "Cæsar and the first books of Virgil," I said it would be the same with us. But when he explained that by "reading" he did not mean merely translation into English, but also retranslation into Latin in the style of the author, and added that boys must be able to write good Latin prose of their own composition, I gave up!

I asked him how he accounted for the fact that the standard was higher with them than with us. He said because English boys studied harder and longer hours than our boys do. He thought the three months' holiday fatal to continuous progress. "Then," he added, "your boys go to school too late. English boys are sent to a preparatory school at nine—often at eight—years of age, so they acquire habits of study before yours begin."

Much of this is no doubt true, but there are some things he does not know and which, *mirabile dictu*, I did not tell him! Do you ask "why"? Well, to tell you the truth, I did begin, but soon found he was one of those Englishmen who, having made up his mind, does not care to listen to new evidence. Moreover, the schoolmaster the world over is in the habit of teaching and does not care to be taught—certainly not by one not of the guild. No doubt you will say to yourself that this is not a peculiarity of the schoolmaster but

is true of the clergy as well. However, in this case there were some things not taken into account. For instance, the holidays may be too long, but in our climate the boy who was kept at work till the 1st of August would not learn much more than he does now. Moreover, I question if the American boy, with his nervous temperament, is capable of the long hours of application which the more stolid English lad bears with ease. Whether it is an advantage, from the standpoint of scholarship, for a boy who has just emerged from infancy to be sent from home, I do not know. But the reason it can be done in England and could not be done in America—except in the case of those poor little unfortunates whose mothers and fathers have been divorced—is that in England the decision lies with the father, whereas with us it is the mother who has the final word. That it is desirable to send a child from home before there has been time to instil lasting principles, I fancy few American mothers would admit. Will English mothers when they have gained the independence of their transatlantic sisters continue the custom? Who can say?

I admit that all this sounds like what the lawyers call "confession and avoidance," but I believe there is a reason for the higher standard in England which perhaps our guide did not

know, or was too polite to mention, but which, were it recognized, would lift our standard without resorting to the remedies he suggested. I suspect the real difficulty is that we have no such large body of well-trained university men to draw upon for teachers as England has. We find it difficult with so many attractive and lucrative careers open to young men to find many who are willing to make teaching a life-work, and therefore must do the best we can with the material we have. In other words, before we change our system would it not be well for us to make the profession of teaching as attractive with us as it is in England? What college president with us has such a position of influence, such a house and salary, as has the head master of Winchester, Eton, or Harrow?

You will be inclined to say as Prof. Corson did when I asked him, when I was a freshman, what subject he would suggest for a "composition." "Any except 'Education'!"

XVI

A BY-ELECTION

From Winchester we motored to Salisbury. The spire of the cathedral is perhaps the most beautiful in the world, but the cathedral as a whole did not impress me as much as I had expected. Perhaps I was still under the influence of Gloucester, or more likely of the regal shrine at Winchester. At any rate, when I learned that it had been built by one man, I lost interest. I am too familiar with that sort of work! The charm of most of the English cathedrals is due to the fact that of most of them it is true that

> "Like some tall palm
> The stately fabric *grew*."

Salisbury did not grow; it was built! It has an air of artificiality about it that not even the beautiful spire, which is a later addition, can atone for.

It is fair to say that Ruth did not agree with me. To her it seemed one of the most beautiful of all we had seen. Indeed, she said the reason I did not appreciate it was because I was influenced by "Martin Chuzzlewit"! That was because I had asked her from which angle she sup-

posed Mr. Pecksniff had first drawn it. At any rate, we had to agree to differ.

As we got into the car at the gate of the close a gentleman who had been looking it over asked whither we were bound. When I told him across the Plain, he strongly advised me to avoid the highway, which, he said, was quite uninteresting, and to take a road which, by many a turning, would show the Plain as the highway could not do. I do not know that man's name, and I do not wish to meet him again! He probably is one of those men who take pleasure in walking—a form of exercise which I detest! He certainly has never driven a car. Had he done so he would know that there is nothing so distressing to a motorist as a "picturesque" road! We descended into little gullies and mounted little hillocks till my back was nearly broken with changing gears, and the car looked as if I had bought it second-hand and used it hard!

We stopped long enough at Stonehenge to get an impression of its dreariness, and then pushed on to a village on the north side of the Plain. We reached there late for lunch, and learned that the name of the place was Divises, and that a by-election for member of parliament was in progress.

The inn was crowded to suffocation, and some of the loungers had had as much to drink as was

good for them, and some a little more. I was in no amiable frame of mind, as you may imagine. No one would pay any attention to us—they were too busy serving drink.

I learned that the question at issue was what we call the "saloon." A Labor member was standing on a platform which called for the regulation of the public house, while the Conservative candidate was for "free rum." One would have thought that here was an issue which would divide the sheep from the goats. But there were other questions involved—land, for instance, and the Established Church.

Alas! I soon found that the shepherd had taken the side of the goats! While I waited in vain for something to eat I heard a great shout, and going to the door saw the parson, driven by his little girl—her fair hair blowing in the wind—the pony decked out with blue ribbons and the whip, carried at a knowing angle, adorned with a bow of the same color. I am glad to say the child was left outside, but the burly parson, looking more like a farmer than Herbert's "Priest of the Temple"—as probably he was—elbowed his way through the crowd and called for a drink; then, amid the shout of the half-drunken crowd, gave "The King and the Church."

Ruth, who had been pale enough before, now flushed so red that I was afraid she would "start

something," and nudged her to keep quiet. Then I thought she was going to burst into tears. At that moment a charming young fellow came into the room and said to her: "I beg your pardon, but this is no place for you. My mother has a sitting-room, and I am sure would be glad if you would join her."

She hesitated a moment, but I said: "I am deeply obliged to you, and if you could get my wife out of this I should be very grateful."

So she followed him, and when later I joined them I found that the lady of the private room had given her a cup of tea and made her as comfortable as was possible in such a place.

When she learned we were Americans she said she was mortified that we should have seen such a sight—she too had seen, from her window, the parson's entrance. "I suppose, however," she continued, "such things are seen in every country at election time."

I said we had "toughs" who made trouble, but that any minister who behaved as the vicar or rector of this parish had done would be "ridden on a rail." I don't think she "got" that. I added that I thought that our laws which forbid the sale of liquor while the polls are open acted as a preventive of trouble.

"Ah," she said, "that is what Mr. Bowles"—the Labor member—"is trying to have enacted.

But, you see, the vested interests are strong, and then he is so radical!"

You may be sure we did not tarry long in that place, but took our way back to Bath, where we had planned to spend another night.

Whether the sheep or the goats won the election I am unable to tell you. I am rather inclined to think it was the goats. The church and the public house make a strong alliance!

XVII

SHEEP-DOGS

Every one told us that we made a mistake in beginning our trip through the valley of the Wye at Ross. I think they were right. It is like doing the Hudson from Albany to New York, instead of taking the Palisades first, then West Point, and the Catskills last. However, it was more convenient to work north than to go up to Hereford, then down the valley, and again come back to our starting-place. At any rate, we did begin at Ross!

Of course our first excursion was to Tintern Abbey. What a gem it must have been in its glory! And I am thankful there has been no attempt to restore it. At the same time I think

it a pity that the grounds should be so neglected. It is like neglecting the grave of one we love. So it was with a sad heart that we turned away and drove to a spot, "a few miles above Tintern Abbey," where more than a hundred years ago the immortal poem was written. I read it aloud, and we tried to breathe the atmosphere and feel "Beside these steep and lofty cliffs" what Wordsworth felt as he "heard these waters, rolling from their mountain springs with a sweet inland murmur." It is indeed a "wild and secluded scene impressing thoughts of more deep seclusion."

But these poetic thoughts were not destined to last long, for, Ruth remarking that it was getting damp, we started up the engine and drove along the road on the edge of the cliff, looking for a place for tea.

This we soon found, but as there was no garage, I drew up on the grass opposite the inn, where I thought the car would be out of the way and quite safe. A farmer, coming from the opposite direction, had evidently had a like thought, and had left his cart on the same side of the road. The horse had been taken out and the shafts tilted up at an angle which brought the ends of them directly opposite the radiator of the car. I put on the brake and out we got. I was surprised to see the motor move forward a few inches. The long grass had deceived me, for the ground,

instead of being level, as I had supposed, sloped gently, and the brake had not been pulled back far enough to hold it in place. Those few inches did the business. The sharp, iron-shod end of one of the shafts pricked the radiator as neatly as a lancet opens an abscess, and the water gushed out!

This was indeed an accident. We were miles from a garage and I had not the least idea what to do. An old farmer, standing by, summed up the situation in a word when, turning to Ruth, he said: "It's like 'avin' your horse took with the gripes!" Fortunately, at that moment a kindly disposed cyclist came along, and with, I suppose, the same complacent satisfaction that the owner of a Ford car has in dragging a Pierce Arrow out of a ditch, unpacked his repair kit and plugged the radiator with some preparation for mending tires.

We were duly grateful, for it enabled us to go on our way, though we leaked like a watering-cart, and I should not like to say how many times the radiator was filled!

At last we came to a garage where I thought we should find relief. I do not remember what kind of a radiator ours is, but you may be sure the proprietor pointed out that it was the wrong kind, being almost impossible to mend, whereas if we had the kind which he had in stock it would have

been a simple matter! I suppose every trade has certain stock phrases, such as the doctor's "Had I been called earlier." However, there was nothing to be done but to leave the car with the man who said he would do what he could.

We returned to the hotel on foot and not at all in a Wordsworthian frame of mind. The worst of it was that I had no one to blame but myself! I got what comfort I could out of the reflection that the insurance company would have to pay. But, as the Irishman said, the worst of that is "you've got to lose to gain!"

The next day while we were waiting for the report from the garage the porter took pity on us and suggested that we might like to see a trial of sheep-dogs, which was to take place at a farm near by. It did not sound exciting, but *faute de mieux* we decided to go.

Why does not some one revise the bromidic formula, and instead of saying "How small the world is!" say "How small we are!" For indeed our lives are very restricted. How little we know of the interests of others! The trial of the sheep-dogs brought this home to me.

Gentlemen and farmers had driven in from miles around to see this match, which, I was told, is an annual event. I am not sure I can describe the scene, but I will try.

There was a pasture of about twenty acres in

extent, in which a flock of sheep were feeding. At a given signal a young man—evidently a farmer—stepped forth with his dog, to which he spoke almost in a whisper. In a twinkling the beautiful and intelligent creature leaped forth, like an arrow from a bow, and began to gather the sheep into a compact mass. This he did without alarming them, so that they moved slowly together, while still cropping the grass. At the far end of the field there was a fold, toward which they slowly but surely moved. No sooner, however, did they discover what was before them than they began to scatter, like young children summoned to bed before the accustomed hour! It was then the dog showed his training. His master blew on a whistle and he scampered to the right, another whistle and he flashed to the left. Now the sheep were again moving toward the fold, but they had begun to run and were bleating piteously. Evidently this was not good "form," for there was a sharp whistle and the dog dropped to the ground, lay motionless for a moment, and then crept slowly forward when the panic had subsided. Now came the critical moment. The fold was built with an opening to the south, but when that should have been passed there was another opening to the left which led into an enclosure large enough to hold the flock. I should have been satisfied when the dog had succeeded in getting the sheep

into that, but not so the judges. Both dog and sheep were given a moment's rest and then a new signal was given, as much as to say: "Now, mind your eye!" At the far end of the enclosure was a narrow opening through which the sheep must pass in Indian file. Into the pen then the dog leaped and nosed the bell-wether toward the narrow passage. When that had been done, the others followed meekly and found themselves in another enclosure, out of which they were, in due time, led through the same gateway by which they had first entered, and found themselves once more in the pasture from which they had been gathered. Then the dog came bounding back to his master, and crouching at his feet looked up into his face, as much as to say: "Was it well done?" There was a loud burst of applause, and the farmer stooped down and stroked the dog's head as if he were saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant," and the expression in the creature's eyes showed that he had entered into the "joy of his lord."

I did not care to see more, but it might have seemed discourteous to withdraw before the match was ended, though later I wished I had.

The second dog was young and evidently ill trained, and as his master was foolish, the result was what might have been expected. The dog ran wild, the sheep scattered, and the master

swore. The spectators stood in silence, but it was a painful scene. I think one trouble was that the man had been drinking. He was a "gentleman," but the young farmer had the good-will of all. The English are democratic in sport, and all were glad when he was given the prize.

As we passed the master of the winning dog I said how wonderful I thought it all was, and the dog slapped the ground with his tail as if he understood.

Ruth teasingly said to me: "I suppose now you wish you were a farmer!"

"No," I said, "but I wish I owned that dog," and thought of Rex.

XVIII

BRIGANDS AND BOOTBLACKS

THE car was not ready for us the next day. Indeed, I found that the garage was not able to do anything with it, and so telegraphed to London to have a new radiator sent down C. O. D. It was then I was thankful that I had an American, *i. e.*, a standardized car!

I thought it would be well to take advantage of the delay to make a little journey by rail to a town near by—that is, near as the crow flies—to pay a visit to the parents of a lad in the parish

at home. I thought they might like to hear news of him, and I knew it would give him pleasure to learn that I had seen his people, of whom he had often spoken.

The trains, however, do not follow the track of the crow, and I found that what looked like a short journey necessitated two changes and rather long waits at each junction. I was reminded of a bright saying of Mrs. Freeman Allen. When her husband was the rector of the parish at Amherst some one asked her how long she had been there. She answered: "Seven years." But her husband said: "No, dear, you are mistaken, only five years." To which she replied: "You forget, dear, the time spent at Palmer!"

I reached my destination at about noon. Captain Burchell, the father of my young friend, is a retired naval officer, and proved to be one of the most silent men I had ever met. After he had examined my credentials he called his wife, and, having invited me to stay to lunch, evidently felt he had done his duty—and what more does England expect from any sailor! Nevertheless, no one could look at that strong face without seeing that he was one of that fine body of men who have kept alive the spirit of the English navy during the long years of "inglorious" peace, so that if war ever does come, it will be ready.

The wife made up for the taciturnity of the

husband—perhaps was the cause of it! She was keenly interested in hearing about her boy, as, no doubt, the father was too, only she said so, and he did not! It was years since they had seen him, and probably had given up hope of ever seeing him again, and were reconciled.

I suggested that as it was now an easy thing to make the journey, she might be induced to go out to him. But at this she cried out. How strange it is that the English, who are the masters of the sea, have such a dread of it! Perhaps it is because they have lost so many at sea, but whatever may be the reason, it is a fact that the average Englishwoman—and the same is almost as true of men—seems to think that a trip to New York is as dreadful as the voyage of Columbus.

But I soon found that there were other reasons besides the "perils of the great deep" that alarmed the gentle lady.

"I should be afraid of brigands," she said.

I laughed and said I did not think there was much danger from them.

"But, indeed, there must be. I frequently see in the *Times* accounts of armed men entering into the railway carriages and robbing the passengers."

I had to admit such things did occur, but as they happen in the Far West, and her boy now lives in New Rochelle, the danger did not seem imminent. But as the good lady did not seem to

know whether New Rochelle is a suburb of New York or of Omaha, I gave it up.

Indeed, I soon learned that there were spiritual enemies to be feared more dreadful than those of flesh and blood.

She suddenly said: "You have a great many dissenters in the 'States,' have you not?"

"Oh, no," I said. "We have none."

"You surprise me. Roy [her son] has written me that there seem to be more of them than of church people, and that their chapels are often more beautiful than the churches. I was also sorry to hear that he had gone with a young lady to one of their places of worship, 'The Fifteenth Avenue Church,' I think he called it."

"Oh," I said, "I see, you mean non-Episcopalians. Yes, there are millions of those. But, as we have no established church, of course there can be no dissenters."

I confess I thought this rather neat. But she solemnly answered:

"They are dissenters from the church of Christ!"

Fortunately, at that moment the daughter came in from tennis, and I hoped that by giving a more worldly turn to the conversation I might fare better, so said:

"I have been trying to induce your mother to pay your brother a visit, but she does not seem

to like the idea. Perhaps you might enjoy it more."

"Indeed I should not," she cried. "I hear the hotels are dreadful."

I thought of London! but meekly replied that I did not think she would find them unbearable.

"I am sure I should. A friend of mine—Bessie Salter, you know, Mumsie—went over to the 'States' a year ago, and told me, when she returned, that if one wished to have one's boots blacked, one must go down into the cellar and cock one's feet up on two iron pegs, and have them brushed by a grinning 'nigger.'"

I now gave up "for keeps," and wondered why I had come! However, I consoled myself with the thought that it was part of one's education. I felt that I had got to the heart of the great middle class of England. It is religious, kindly, and self-satisfied to a degree unequalled in the world.

I was rather depressed that evening as I gave an account of my day to Ruth. But she laughed till the tears came.

"If only I had been there to see your face! Why, it is perfect. If one read it in a book one would think the writer was trying to parody Dickens on America. Honestly, did it really happen, or have you embroidered it?"

"I give you my word, it is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!"

"Well, I hope it will be blest to you! A hundred years and more of independence, and the dear old things think of us as an unworthy 'colony,' with dissenters and brigands and bootblacks! My dear, I hope I may never hear you brag of that unhappy country again! And now come down and get some dinner. They are going to have cherry tart and custard—for a change!"

XIX

THE PISTON-ROD

To-day we have enjoyed one of the most beautiful rides in the world. I do not mean grand, like the Corniche, but lovely, because man has beautified what the hand of God had made. The valley of the Wye would have been charming had man never cultivated it, but now it blossoms like the rose. We were tempted to turn off from the main road that we might get a better view of the lovely gardens and charming houses all along the way. I believe it is disputed whether Kent or Shropshire is the more beautiful county; but I cast my vote for Shropshire. I reckon Ruth picked out a score

of houses in which she said, had she them, life would be full of joy.

"Do you wonder," she said, "that Englishmen in exile—in India, China, Canada, South Africa, and even America—turn back with longing to such homes as these? Surely nothing like it is to be found on earth! But it makes me sad to think how many of these happy girls playing in these gardens must go out to the colonies, and how many of those dear little boys may be killed in some obscure and unnecessary war! Our people have been pilgrims from the beginning, but what New Englander going to the West, or what Virginian crossing the Alleghanies, or farmers trekking from Iowa to Northwest Canada have left anything like this? No wonder 'Home-week' is enough for us! But the English carry with them the smell of the newly turned earth to the desolate, sun-baked plains of India, and the scent of the roses to the snows of Hudson's Bay. And yet, with all their deep sentiment for home, they do not die of nostalgia as do the French when they are taken away from the asphalt and the theatre! What a people they are!"

After this rhapsody there was silence for a little space, and then Ruth came back to earth with the remark: "How fortunate it is that we have never had trouble with our tires! I feared we might be changing them all the time."

I sapiently remarked: "Well, you see we have not gone far enough yet. These tires are guaranteed for five thousand miles."

She pondered this for a moment, and then said: "I don't see how they can be guaranteed, with all this broken glass lying about the road. Think how the drunken carters throw out the empty beer-bottles!"

I don't know why it is, but at times Ruth irritates me! It is so hard to explain to a woman anything that involves a mathematical problem. I made no reply, but the remark troubled me. I could not frame an explanation which satisfied me or in a way I felt she would understand! I tried on the law of average, like the insurance actuaries, but, as I say, I could not get it to suit me. It was something like my early attempts to explain to a Bible class why Jacob, rather than Esau, should have inherited the blessing!

However, my mind was soon diverted by the charming scenery and the unfamiliar sights on every side. But about an hour later an unfamiliar sound called me from the beauties of England to the motor which I was driving.

Ruth said: "What can that be?"

I confessed I did not know. It came at regular intervals. When the car ran fast it was quick, when I slowed down it lessened in frequency but not in volume. I stopped and looked under the

hood, but could find nothing amiss. So we continued on our way. It seemed to grow worse, and soon the whole car was shaken by the jar. Then I remembered I had never tested the valves to see if they leaked, so I again lifted the hood and dropped a few drops of oil on each of the valves in turn and started the engine up. Yes, that was the trouble, Nos. 2 and 4 were not quite tight. I was much pleased with myself, and when I had tightened them took my place at the wheel, congratulating myself on being such a good mechanic. Indeed, I did not think Ruth overstated the case when she said: "I think you are wonderful." But, alas! the noise and the jar continued, and I began to fear that some serious injury had been sustained.

When I opened the hood once more I showed Ruth how to start the engine so that I could test the engine better than when it was at rest. I put my head down so near the cylinder that I nearly burned my ear, and found that there was no noise at all! I then told her to let in the clutch and let the car run on the road slowly. "I said 'slowly'!" I cried, as the motor nearly ran over me. So Ruth tried again. I hopped along by the side of the car as best I could, hearing the distressing noise more plainly than ever, coming, I was now convinced, from the interior of the cylinder.

"We have broken a piston-rod," I said in a calm but desperate tone, "and the car will have to be laid up for an indefinite time to replace it."

"But how could we break a piston-rod when we have met with no accident that could break anything?" exclaimed Ruth.

Like a doctor who has diagnosed a case to his own satisfaction, I could afford to be patient with a layman, so I replied: "Well, you see there is sometimes a flaw in the metal, and the mere expansion and contraction by heat and cold may cause the metal to break without any concussion at all."

It was a tiny village in which we had stopped, but all the inhabitants had assembled, and it was surprising to see how many of them there were!

"What's the trouble?" said one.

"A broken piston-rod," I replied tersely. Indeed, annoying as it was, I felt a certain pride in the gravity of the situation! I was like a man seized with a sudden pain in the night, whose trouble the doctor declares to be "appendicitis"; he is alarmed, but still has the satisfaction of feeling that the family will now know that he did not call them from their beds for a vulgar stomach-ache!

I was about to inquire if there was any one in the village who had a horse which could tow us

to the nearest garage, when Ruth remarked: "There is one funny thing about it——"

This did irritate me, and I sarcastically remarked: "I am glad your sense of humor is so keen. I suppose I am dull, but a broken piston-rod does not strike me as 'humorous.'"

Her eyes filled with tears, as they always do when my ill temper takes the form of sarcasm, and I felt like the brute I am. So I hurriedly added: "It's all right, honey, what were you going to say?"

"I was only going to say," said she, with a gulp, and tactfully changing the form of her remark, "that it seems strange that we should hear no sound when we are standing still and the engine running if the trouble is a piston-rod."

I pondered this for a moment and then said: "Well, let's see if that is so." I started the engine and it ran as sweetly as one could wish, but as soon as the car began to move—bump, bump, bump was heard louder than ever.

At that moment an urchin, who had been doing some investigating on his own hook, called out: "Your tire's flat!"

The announcement was as reassuring and as humiliating as to have the doctor say, when you were convinced you had appendicitis, "What the deuce have you been eating?" This tiny layman had diagnosed correctly a case which the

learned of the faculty had failed to understand! He promptly received his fee and scampered off with his companions to spend it before Ruth and I had reached the back of the car and were gazing at a long nail protruding from the tire of one of the rear wheels.

I had never changed a rim before, but I remembered the agent had told me that it took three minutes. It did—and twenty-seven more—but what was that compared with a week's waiting to have a broken piston-rod replaced?

When we were again under way, I said: "We were talking this morning about the guarantee on tires, and I ought to have explained that the guarantee, of course, refers only to the bursting of a tire and not to an accident like this." Why is it we men cannot make up our minds to tell the truth to the wives of our bosoms? I have not in mind now our wickedness but our folly. Ruth knew as well as I did that this great truth had not dawned on my clouded brain until the rusty nail had punctured the tire and my ignorance at the same time! Of course she expressed her gratification at this bit of valuable information. What would women do with their spare time if they did not have to waste so much of it in "saving the faces" of their lords!

XX

FALSTAFF

We were destined to have another experience with the car that day before we reached our destination. As we drew near Shrewsbury there was a sharp shower, which, though it did not last many minutes, was enough to make the roads rather greasy. As we had, however, such a short distance to go, it did not seem worth while to put on the chains. As we drove along the main street I was very careful, fearing we might skid. There is a tramway running through the street, which did not make things easier, for the rails were wet and shining in the rain. The street is lined with trees, and on one side is a high brick wall. My subconscious mind was noting all these things and perhaps allowing me to drive a little faster than I had intended, when suddenly the car, as if it were possessed of a devil, shot from the track to the sidewalk, passing between two trees, grazing the wall, and was back again on the rails before one could say "Jack Robinson," or even the English equivalent, "Knife"! It was not the rear wheels which had slipped but the front ones! No one had ever told me that could happen, nor should I have known how to guard against it if they had. Was it not fortunate that it was the

tea hour that the car chose for this little side-trip? All the tradespeople were in the back rooms behind their shops, and the street was almost deserted. I trembled to think what might have happened had children been on their way to or from school, or feeble folk had failed to jump like grasshoppers! I never was more thankful than when I turned the motor into the garage of the "Raven."

Our first business in Shrewsbury was, of course, to visit the battle-field. I reminded Ruth as we drove out of the town the following morning of a saying of yours: that the best investment any nation or town could make was to breed a genius! "Sir Walter Scott," you said, "had brought more money to Scotland than all the ship-building on the Clyde, and that the money spent each year in Marseilles, by men and women who came from all over the world to look at the Château d'If, and speculate as to which side of it a man, who had never lived, had escaped could not be counted for multitude!" It is the same here. What a triumph of the imagination it is that after four hundred years pilgrims should still be wending their way to the field of Shrewsbury, as many were doing that morning! Not because it was historical—as the French say—"they mock themselves well of that." It is Shakespeare who is the Pied Piper that led us all to the spot where

Harry Monmouth and Hotspur fought indeed, but where Falstaff bore off the honors of the day!

What a futile fight it was! Would not England have been better off if Percy had won? Did not the triumph of Henry IV sow the dragon's teeth that were harvested in the Wars of the Roses? Did it not lead to the desolation of France and the crime of Jeanne d'Arc's death? It is the genius of Shakespeare alone which lends glamour to this stupidity. Look at the heroes! Has any figure in history, except the miserable Stuarts, called forth such sympathy as the reckless Hotspur? How much Percy resembles our national hero! It is the feminine in us that admires Henry V—the reformed rake! It would seem as if the prudent, calculating world reacts in shame from Henry IV, as if it saw in him a picture of itself, and admires the reckless Percy just because it dare not follow him! Falstaff is the real hero. The fool at the feast of folly! Gross and witty, brave enough but cynical—what genius to draw respectable people to such companionship and compel them to enjoy it though they are ashamed to be seen with him! I suppose the real explanation of this moral paradox is that human nature esteems a sinner more than it does a hypocrite. The Lord Chancellor was a more respectable man than Falstaff, but he was a humbug, and we are glad the fat knight flouted him.

While I was thus moralizing and, no doubt, boring Ruth, we had reached the battle-field, and she exclaimed: "Why, there is Mr. Rhodes!"—the historian, whom she had known in Boston—and ran to meet him.

"Oh, Mr. Rhodes," she cried, "I am sure you have made some new historical discovery!"

"I have, indeed," he gravely replied, but with a twinkle in his eye.

"Tell me at once what it is," she asked eagerly.

"I have discovered a new lie of Falstaff's—he 'fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock,' and the clock is not visible from the battle-field!"

Shrewsbury was one of the ancient and is still one of the modern gates into Wales, and had we been tied to a route we should have entered the kindgom of Glendower from there, but we received two letters which changed our plans, and led us to leave the motor, and depart in different directions by train. Of which you will hear in due time.

XXI

THE BLACK COUNTRY

My letter was from Archdeacon Williams. I had never met him but had read his books and been much influenced by them, as I know you have been. To tell the truth, I hesitated about accepting his invitation to spend the "week-end," for I feared I might be disappointed! Authors are like miners: they put the precious metal into their books, but when one gets to the mine there is apt to be a lot of "slag" lying about! But it was not so in this case. The books are the man —he lives as he talks.

England is the land of contrasts. Shropshire seems to belong to another planet, when one gets into the dark and chilly atmosphere of the black country. It was most depressing. Instead of the charming vicarage I had pictured, I found a plain brick house on the street of the town, and instead of a blooming garden, a few sickly shrubs, blackened, like everything else, by the smoke from the mills.

But within all was sweetness and light. The house was overflowing with delightful children, and every one seemed to be at work. Or, perhaps I should say, every one seemed to have a purpose,

for as I arrived at tea-time, work had been suspended.

There was but one drawback: the archdeacon does not smoke, and does not seem to have heard that any one else does! I thought that three days would be more than I could bear. But, indeed, mind and body were kept so busy that I hardly missed my pipe at all! Can I say more?

The archdeacon and I sat up until all hours of the night, talking of the things which are most worth while.

He is an extraordinary man—not only a good classical scholar but also a notable mathematician. He is quite at home in all the scientific theories which are the vogue to-day, and insisted that theology can have no interest for the modern mind until theologians abandon the mediæval, *a priori* method for the inductive, and use words as the symbols of truths which can be verified. Then it will be found that the "faith" for which the saints contended was the reality without which man cannot live. He said many things of which I will tell you when we meet; but one I send you now, for you might have said it yourself! "Men are forever talking about 'faith' as if the important thing were the *quantity* of it, whereas the thing that matters is its *quality*. The faith which overcame the world is not the mass of opinion which has accumulated through

the ages, but the deep conviction that God is Spirit, and that the character of that Spirit has been revealed in the person of Jesus."

The way the man works would, I think, astonish you. This is what we did on Saturday: breakfast at 8, then prayers in the parish church at 9. He agrees with Bishop Creighton that it is better to have many of the parish come together for prayers each day than to have family prayers, with which, I am sure, you will no more agree than I do! At 9.30 he shut himself in his study and did not appear again until 1 o'clock. Then we had dinner, all the family taking part in the talk, which was good, and I listened. The last you will not believe, but it is true!

Mrs. Williams is as remarkable in her way as he, and is a real intellectual companion. When I spoke to him of her, he said: "Think of the men who are asphyxiated by dull wives!" I did!

The children adore their father, though Rose —a girl of about twelve—told me they could have a pony if their father did not give so much to the poor. When I suggested that this was a good way to use money, she agreed, but added: "It seems a pity there is not enough for both." In which opinion, no doubt, many will agree.

At 2.30 a large van drove up to the door, and into it we all piled, except the very little ones, to go to the Sunday-school treat. We stopped at

many a corner to pick up the teachers—all of whom were workers in the mills—and drove to a grove some miles away, where the feast was spread.

I sat next a man of about fifty years of age, who, when he learned that I was an American, "let himself go." He had friends who had migrated to the "States," and admitted that the wages were much larger than in England, but added that, as the expense of living was so much greater, there was not much in it. I did not remind him that the greater expense meant also better living conditions, for I wanted to hear him talk. He complained that our people worked longer hours than they did, and were so tired at the end of the day that they could not enjoy the rest when it came. He wanted to know if the tariff helped our trade. I laughed and told him there was great difference of opinion on that subject, and that I did not pretend to be an authority, but was inclined to think that the willingness of the workers to use new machinery had more to do with our prosperity than anything the government did.

"Ay," said he, "that is what the masters tell us, but we do not heed them. We know that this new machinery can be speeded up till a man's heart is broke."

It was not the man's opinion that interested

me so much as his willingness to talk; for I had heard frequent complaints that the working men would talk freely only with their mates. But I got a new light on that, for, when we had risen and sung "God Save the King," my neighbor turned to me and said: "You will excuse me if I have talked too free, but this is the first time in my life that I ever talked with a gentleman."

I could have wept. "But," I said, "you must often have talked to the vicar?"

"Ay," he replied, "but he is a *man*." And with this cryptic saying I had to be content!

One other thing he told me that I am sure will interest you. He said that in the dark days of the cotton famine, during our Civil War, he could remember as a little boy seeing his father go, with many others, to receive the food distributed to the poor. "That was the only time any of my name received anything from the rates, and it was bitter hard for father. There were men who came up from Liverpool and told us that if the working men of Lancashire would send a deputation to Parliament, the war would be stopped, and we could get cotton to open the mills. But my father was one of those who said that it was the cause of free labor you were fighting for, and that if the men would hold on a bit, God would come to our help. He learned that, I now know, from John Bright. And so the men held out.

But it was hard." Isn't that fine? And doesn't it make Lord John Russell and Gladstone look cheap?

By some ill chance Rose and I got separated from the rest of the party, and the van drove off without us. When Rose learned this, she thought it a huge joke, and said we should have to walk. I said: "Not on your life!" This familiar saying filled her with delight, and she cried: "Oh, I say, that is a jolly saying; I must tell that to Dick, and he can take it back to school!"

"That is all very well," said I, "but what is going to take us back to home?"

She suggested a "fly." I solemnly remarked that I did not believe there was a fly big enough to carry us both.

She looked at me for a moment in astonishment and then cried: "Why, I believe you are thinking of an *insect!*"

I asked what else one could think of. She pondered this a moment and then said she believed I was making game of her. Nothing, I assured her, was farther from my thoughts.

"Well," she said, "if you are sure you don't know, I will tell you; a fly is something that a horse pulls."

I asked if it was a cart. But apparently she had given me up as hopeless, and taking me by the hand, led me to a livery-stable, where the

proprietor produced a fly and announced that the price would be ten shillings, and asked if he should "put it down" to the vicar. Rose looked much alarmed at this, and was proportionately relieved when I paid the amount.

There was silence for a little space after we started, and then Rose said, as if to herself: "Daddy would have walked."

"Yes," I replied, "but you must remember he is over six feet tall, and his stride is about three-foot-three, whereas I step only about two-foot-six; so you can calculate how much longer it would take me to walk seven miles than it would him."

"Don't you hate arithmetic?" she exclaimed.

I admitted that I was not fond of it.

"I simply *loathe* it," she declared. "Such a silly thing, I call it! Why should one spend *hours* in trying to find out how many yards of carpet it takes to cover the schoolroom floor, when all one has to do is to run through Tod Lane and ask Mr. Small, who keeps the shop, and he can tell in a moment, without even looking at a book."

"But suppose Mr. Small thought it to his advantage to sell you more carpet than you needed?"

"Why, he wouldn't do such a thing," she indignantly replied; "he is a churchwarden."

There was another short silence and then she began again: "Ten shillings is a lot of money."

I agreed.

"However," she continued, "I suppose it doesn't signify. Americans are very rich, are they not?"

I said some were.

"But you must be to hand out ten shillings just like that."

"Oh, I don't know. My share is only five shillings. You will pay half, will you not?"

"*Not living!*" she hastily exclaimed. "There, I have that wrong. Please say it again." When I had repeated the familiar slang, she echoed it. Evidently it gave her great satisfaction, for I heard her muttering it to herself over and over again. Finally she said: "That *is* a jolly saying." Then, with apparent irrelevance—but that no doubt was due to my slowness in following her mental processes—"I *am* glad you came."

I laughed and said I was glad too.

"Not," continued this artless young person, "that we were glad when we first heard you were coming—I mean except daddy. Mother said: 'Dear me! I fear he will expect a bathroom to himself!' And Dick said: 'Is he as dirty as all that?' Even daddy laughed at that. And Dick was so much pleased with himself that he got a bit above himself, and went on to say that all Americans were 'bounders.' So daddy stopped his 'sweet,' and he *did* look silly! But it seems

to me you are just like other people, only rather '*droll.*'"

As we drew near the house she evidently began to think that, after all, Dick might be an authority on "bounders," for she remarked, with studied carelessness: "I shouldn't think it necessary to repeat at home everything we have been talking about."

I gravely assured her that I made it a rule never to repeat the conversation I had had with the young lady I took buggy-riding.

"Buggy-riding?" she cried; "what is that?"

"Why, what you call a fly, we call a buggy."

Her reaction was rather deliberate, but finally she exclaimed: "Oh, I see. 'Bug' and 'fly.' That's awfully good. I must tell Dick that!"

XXII

AN "AVERAGE" SUNDAY

SUNDAY was "some" day! Early service at 8 o'clock, a hurried breakfast at 8.45, and then we started for the mission chapel, where the archdeacon was to preach. I was curious to see how this scholar would adapt himself to the sort of congregation I knew he would meet there. Nothing could have been better. He did not "con-

descend to men of low estate," but gave them as thoughtful a message as he would have delivered at the university, yet clothed in such simple language as the most unlearned could understand.

"Truly," I said to myself, "here is a scribe who bringeth out of his treasure things new as well as old."

The archdeacon has, of course, besides his duty as vicar, many calls for work outside the parish. I was told that this day he was to preach at a church some twelve miles distant, and, therefore, there would be no time for dinner! However, Mrs. Williams made us a package of sandwiches, which we munched as we drove to the church where he was to preach the annual sermon on education.

The church was a barn of a place, and the atmosphere decidedly "evangelical." There were the old square pews which one sees in pictures of the eighteenth century; and when we knelt down my legs were covered by the voluminous folds of a bright-blue silk dress, worn by a farmer's wife, so that I was not quite sure of my identity, till a pair of stout white stockings, encasing most solid ankles, showed me that my own legs had not yet emerged!

The sermon was a plea for parochial schools, which would have left me cold had it not been for the interpretation of the Parable of the Sower,

from which the text was taken. "The soil," said the preacher, "is human nature. At the first glance it might seem as if man was no more responsible for his character than is a field for the different conditions of its soil. But there would have been no 'gospel,' that is, 'good news,' in that. No, what it means, every farmer will understand. There is no soil that is hopeless, and none that does not need to be cultivated. Our schools are to make poor soil good, and good soil better." And so on.

On the way home the subject of education could not be ignored. The archdeacon was none too pleased to learn that I did not think well of parochial schools, and insisted that "godless" schools were worse than none. He would not agree that dogmatic teaching might be dispensed with and yet character be built up. When I pointed out that Jews and Catholics made up a large part of our urban population, and, not unnaturally, the one objected to Christian and the other to Protestant teaching, he could only see how unfortunate it was that we had no Established Church! Once more I was impressed by the fact that no man is liberal all through! Though he had been in the "States," his journey had led him only to the South—and that, too, in the days of Reconstruction. He had never seen New York or Ohio or New England, so that I could not feel that he was to be blamed

for thinking poorly of our school system. But he made one remark worth remembering, to see if he is a "seer" as well as a prophet, which latter he assuredly is.

"You are doing the thing on the 'cheap.' You do not pay your teachers enough to make it worth while for men to make teaching a profession, and, as a result, not only the girls but the boys as well are for years under the influence of women. This is bad and cannot fail to affect the national character—as you will find if a great crisis were to come. It may, as I have heard it said, tend to 'refinement' of speech and manners, but the price is too high. It will make them effeminate, that is, sentimental, and sometimes hysterical. It is the manly virtues of endurance and disregard of trifles, which men alone can inculcate, which have made England what she is. Should a great war come—and I fear that cannot be long delayed—you will find your boys cannot bear the strain."

I hope that, as Nehemiah liked to say, "It may be counted to me for righteousness" that I refrained from mentioning 1776, or 1812, or even the Civil War—the "Bloody Angle," and Pickett's charge at Gettysburg—for that might have raised the *Alabama!*

In the evening I preached in the parish church —"the noblest parish church in England," I was

told Ruskin called it. Well, the sermon was not worthy of the church. I don't know what was the matter. You know how such things go! One trouble was that, all the time I was speaking, I wished to say something else! Ruth haunted me! I could hear her whispering: "Better be dull and decent than 'start something'!" So I was dull!

At nine o'clock we sat down to a supper of cold beef and bread and cheese, and mighty good they tasted. Now was not that a day? I asked the archdeacon if it had been an exceptional day. "Oh, no," he said, "I should say an average day. I often go to the town hall after evening service and speak to the men who do not care to come to church. 'Securalists,' they call themselves, and as they are almost sure to heckle one, it is generally interesting, and sometimes exhausting."

There is no doubt that the English clergy work harder than we do—that is, those who pretend to work. While Americans find the climate trying, I am inclined to think one can accomplish more in a climate like this than in ours, which alternately exhilarates and depresses one. But I suspect there is a deeper reason which we do not like to admit, which is that they are better educated than we are! With us there is too much "cramming" for the occasion, whereas they have a treasury from which they can draw as they have

need. It is possible also that there is an advantage in an established church which has not been recognized. While the "dumb dogs" take advantage of the "vested interest" to do as little as possible, the best men work in an atmosphere of leisure almost unknown to us. Unconsciously we are influenced by the competition which is the "life of trade." I do not mean that we do this in any unworthy manner, but with the subconscious feeling that we are expected to "make good," and this leads to "pressing," which is as fatal to the best work as it is to the best golf! Men like Williams seem to me to work without haste and without rest.

It was no "Blue Monday" to which I awoke. All was healthy activity, as if Sunday had been indeed a day of rest. The children were shooed into the schoolroom, for though it was the holidays, there were tasks which must be done before the next term. Mrs. Williams had a meeting of women, for some good work, and the archdeacon had gone to his study as soon as breakfast was finished to talk over and arrange with his curates the work of the new week.

So I drove to the station in a "fly," and bought a third-class ticket. But as I was about to take my place, the guard appeared and, touching his cap, asked if I was from the vicarage. When I said, "Yes," he said, "This way, please," and

showed me into a first-class carriage, the door of which he promptly locked, when he had again touched his cap and said: "Thank you, sir."

"But," you will say, "this was 'graft'!" How crude you are! Do you not know that "graft" is confined to Tammany Hall? This was proper respect to persons of importance!

"Convey, the wise it call. Steal! foh; a fico for the phrase."

XXIII

DOWAGER AND COWBOY

John left me on Friday for Saltbridge, to visit Archdeacon Williams, whom, as you know, he is always quoting. They have never met and I do hope they will not be disappointed in one another, and that John will behave! I feel like a mother whose child has gone to visit strangers. However, I comfort myself with the thought that children often behave better when they are left alone—I suppose because they then have a keener sense of responsibility!

I expect him back this afternoon and am hastening to write you before his return, for I would not have him see this letter for worlds. He would never cease teasing me about my "beloved English."

He had scarcely gone before a telegram came from Gertrude Shelburne, asking me to come to them for the week-end. I was glad to get it, first, because I am devoted to her, and second, because I wanted to see their place, which I had been told was beautiful—I suppose I ought to add that I had already begun to be a trifle *triste* without John.

On the map it did not look far from Shrewsbury to Deepford, but the porter told me it would save time if I went up to "town" and caught the Brighton express, which would stop at Deepford if I told the guard I was for Admiral Shelburne's. This did not seem probable, but it proved to be true.

I arrived for tea, which was being served on the lawn, quite as in an English novel. I felt somewhat like the poor governess, in such stories, who is destined ultimately to marry the heir of the adjoining estate, but has not yet discovered her fate! For I was feeling a little shy—not because the people were so fine, but because they were so intimate. If one does not know the people talked of in an English household, it looks as if one did not know anybody! However, that did not last long, for Gertrude, who had been motoring with a young man when I arrived, soon appeared and made me feel at home.

If I were a human pig I should arrange to have,

each day, an American breakfast, a French dinner, and an English tea! What would I do for luncheon? Do as I did to-day. Go without one in order to enjoy the tea!

Admiral Sir George Shelburne, as I believe he is formally called, is as delightful as ever. He kissed me, not quite with the paternal air which should go with his years, but rather like one who has had a sweetheart in every port! He is under the impression that he rules the house as he once ruled a man-of-war. As a matter of fact, Gertrude manages him and every one else!

After tea the admiral asked me if I would like to see the gardens. As this was the "first time of asking" I was able to say with a clear conscience that I should be delighted. How I wish you might see these gardens! There is a "lady's walk" that you would rejoice to make a water-color of. It is enclosed by brick walls of a deep red, and the borders are a riot of color. Take down your Latin dictionary and read anywhere in it, and you will get a notion of the names the admiral called off to me! Whether they were right or wrong I have no means of knowing, but it sounded very learned. I asked the admiral if his taste had laid out the lady's walk, and he modestly admitted that it had; and the best of it is he believes it. Gertrude is a wonder!

The "guests" were a young man who is secre-

tary to some one in the government, and is never separated from a despatch-box, supposed to contain international secrets upon which the peace of the world depends. I do not think I ever met any one who took himself quite so seriously. He is supposed to be devoted to Gertrude, and is probably as much interested in her as he can be in any one besides himself. So I fear she is, at best, but a bad second! There is, however, trouble brewing for that young man, as I learned as soon as I saw a "photo" (by the way, one never says "photograph" in polite society, but "photo," and "pram," and "bike." It is a liberty the owners take with their language. This sounds like John, the reason being that for the moment I feel like John. But you will be saying: "What about the photograph?") How curious you are! Well, if you must know, it is of a young naval officer the Shelburnes met at "Gib," two years ago. He has a straight nose and a firm chin *à la* Gibson, and blue eyes, and his name is Guy. Doesn't this tell you all you need to know? The admiral is supposed to favor the young man with the despatch-box—possibly because he knows too much about sweethearts in every port. How do *you* guess it will end? See what powers of condensation I have! It took Gertrude two hours to tell me what I have written in a few moments!

There are two perfectly uninteresting men be-

sides the one already spoken of, and three nondescript women who devoted themselves to me. Only one of them calls for any attention. This is Lady Agatha Bumstead. She is handsome and really means to be nice, but unfortunately she has been in the "States," and does not want to hear, but only to tell about them.

After dinner, while the men were sitting over their wine, she suddenly said to me: "Have you any honest judges in America now?"

I said I hoped so.

She replied: "I am glad to hear it. When I was in New York, with my dear husband (she is a dowager), I remember they were trying a judge for taking a bribe, and I was told it was quite common."

I said I supposed that was in the time of the Tweed régime.

"Yes," she replied, "that was the name of the governor" (*sic*).

I said I thought things had improved since then, and that, after all, he was but one of the hundreds of American judges, and that it was hardly fair to condemn the whole bench because of the iniquity of one Tammany judge.

"But," she said, "I thought all the judges in America were appointed by Tammany. I remember my husband said, when he was trying to recover some of the money he had put into that

awful Erie, that all the judges were appointed by Tammany."

Hoping to get a more favorable view of America if I moved out of New York, I asked if she had travelled much in the "States."

"Far more than I wished," she dryly remarked.

I expressed my sympathy.

"You see," she continued, "it is hard for people of refinement to put up with the lack of manners in America. Of course, you will not misunderstand me, my dear; I do not mean people like yourself; indeed, as I was saying to Sir George at dinner, I should hardly know you were an American. I had in mind the lower classes."

I feebly remarked that I thought they meant to be "kind."

"Kind, my dear," she exclaimed in a shocked tone. "What business have they to be 'kind'? It is for us to be kind, for *them* to be respectful. I cannot say I met any such. I had an experience once which left an indelible impression on my mind. You," she continued, turning to one of the other women, who were drinking in this unprejudiced view of our country, "can have no conception of what that country really is. While we were in New York, trying to save something out of the wreck of the Erie, my husband met a man from the West who told him that there was a fortune to be made in silver-mines, and he

started with him to look into it. I may say here that he lost every penny he put into this venture. The mines were 'pickled'—no, I think the word they used was 'salted.'

"However, that does not signify now—what I was going to tell you was, that he was detained longer than he had expected, and wrote me to join him in a place called Cheyenne. So I started; but what I endured in those sleeping-cars I never told even my husband. It wasn't proper! The passengers were of the most ordinary type, mostly bagmen, I should say. And the women! Vulgar and overdressed. I must say, however, I was rather pleased with the black man who waited on the passengers. He was rather grotesque, but was the only one I saw who seemed to have at all the bearing of a servant, and even he had a habit of smiling when spoken to which looked like impudence, till one learned that the poor creature had never been properly trained. Well, at length we reached Cheyenne. I had been told that it was the capital of the State, or whatever the district was called, and you may imagine my disgust when I found that it was a mere jumble of miserable wooden houses.

"My husband was not there to meet me—he had gone into the mountains to inspect a mine, and there had been a 'wash-out' or a 'hot-box.' I am sure I do not know the difference; I only

know it was either the one or the other which continually caused delays. So there I was, with no one to meet me, and it was night. I looked round for a porter, and of course there was none. I saw a rough-looking man leaning against the station-house, and said to him: 'My man, carry my portmanteau to the hotel, please.'"

The pause which followed was so long that I thought the story ended, or that the narrator had fallen asleep. But I was mistaken—her emotion choked her. Finally one of the others said:

"And what happened then?"

In a sepulchral tone she answered: "*He spat!* Then, without a word, he picked up the bag and led the way to the hotel. I handed him a shilling, and instead of touching his cap—by the way, it was not a cap at all, but a hat with a huge brim—which, if you please, he took off with a flourish and, declining the tip, remarked: 'Always a pleasure to help a lady!' I thought I should have died of shame at his insolence!"

I nearly choked, but fortunately did not, for every one else was shocked. After a painful silence Lady Agatha continued: "I must say some people have a peculiar sense of humor. I told this shocking story to Charlie Beresford, and he laughed till the tears ran down his face, and asked me to let him put it into a book he is writing on America. But I would not consent. It

might give offense—Americans are very sensitive—and I think it most important that nothing should be done to cause ill-feeling between the two countries, for, as Sir George was saying at dinner, one cannot tell how soon we may need one another's help."

Here Gertrude, who had been walking on the terrace with the complacent secretary, came in and took me to her room to talk about the blue-eyed Guy.

Now you see why I do not want John to see this letter. He thinks he has a strong sense of humor, but it is ten to one he would no more understand the dowager than she understood the gentleman in the sombrero. How I should like to meet Sir Charles Beresford and hear him on dowagers and cowboys!

But, honestly, are not the English the most impossible people! I do not mean ridiculous—no one would accuse them of being that—but funny as the camel is. "There ain't no sich animal." Only there is!

XXIV

"BY PURENESS, BY KINDNESS, BY LOVE UNFEIGNED"

Before leaving Shrewsbury I had told Ruth on which train I would leave Saltbridge, and, as I had to change trains at Manchester, she could send a wire to the station there if she had any special orders to give me. The wire was awaiting me, and from it I found that not only had Ruth gone off "on her own" to Deepford, but that she had received an invitation from the Sanfords asking us both to come to them. She said that she was proceeding to London, and that she would go to the Sanfords' by train, and hoped I would meet her there with the car.

So I returned to Shrewsbury, where we had left the car, and the next day drove slowly through Stratford-on-Avon, where I had been before, and so did not stop, waiting till Ruth and I could make the pilgrimage together. I caught a glimpse of the spire of the parish church and could "visualize" the smug bust in the chancel, which an ungrateful town permits to be called Shakespeare!

I stopped the night at Banbury, where there is one of those old coaching inns which affect the imagination like an old print. The following day I went on to Oxford, where I left the car, and ran

up to London for some necessary shopping. This, I know, will make you indignant, but I am going to "do" Oxford when Ruth, that lover of "Lost Causes," is with me. Besides, as my next journey is to the northeast, it was better to leave the car at Oxford than to go through London.

When I returned to Oxford I went again on my way and spent the night at Ipswich, in the same inn in which Mr. Pickwick had the compromising adventure with the lady in curl-papers. But there was nothing seen to recall that joyous night. No one I saw looked as if he had ever heard of the most distinguished guest the inn had ever entertained!

The next day I reached the Sanfords' for tea. I understand now why the heroine in an English novel always arrives at tea-time! It is the ideal hour. One does not have to dress for a function and is received into the family at once.

This family consists of but two—the husband and wife—a lovely couple. I do not know which of them we loved best when the visit was over. An ancestor of Mr. Sanford's was one of the non-jurors—and that night I lay in his bed. As a bed it was a good bed, but as a place for sleeping it was naught—as Touchstone would have said. As I lay awake I thought of the noble folly of the non-jurors, and of Macaulay's unsympathetic picture of them, though, curiously enough, the

only time he speaks well of a bishop, so far as I remember, is when he praises the "seven bishops." How characteristic this is! They are admirable when they defy the Stuart, but contemptible when they refuse to bow the knee to his Dutch hero! These thoughts led me on to Henry Esmond—that most interesting prig—and so on, hour after hour, the mind wandered through the history of England till I longed for the scenery of the land of Nod!

I would not have you think that my wakefulness was due solely to the imagination awakened by the old non-juror's bed. It was due to a more modern and more material cause, namely the strong Ceylon tea, which was so good that I had taken more than I am accustomed to. What we call "English Breakfast," the English call "China" tea, and, so far as my experience goes, is seldom served. Certainly it could not have been expected in this house, because Mr. Sanford is largely interested in the cultivation of Ceylon tea and, not unnaturally, thinks it superior to China. It is undoubtedly good, but so strong that it is apt to be followed by a sleepless night on the part of the uninitiated.

The next day was Sunday, which began, I need not say, with a bountiful breakfast, at which, of course, we served ourselves, Mr. Sanford walking around the room with a little blue bowl in his

hand, eating porridge and talking delightfully. By the way, do you believe the story of the American "Belle Mère," who, arriving at the castle of her noble son-in-law late at night and therefore coming to the dining-room for the first time at breakfast, and, seeing no servants, said to her daughter: "Honey, can't you get no 'help' at all over here?" I do not. Ruth does, and begged me not to tell the story here lest it be thought that the good lady was typical!

I do not think Mrs. Sanford would have believed it. But, if she had, she would have understood, for she has many American friends and a more sympathetic understanding of our problems than any one I have so far met in England. Mr. Sanford was rather inclined to be depressed about England, and deplored the present policy of the Liberal Government—especially in regard to land. Of course I know nothing about the matter, but I could not help thinking I heard a faint echo of the old non-juror's voice. This, however, is sure, he is the quintessence of the feudal system at its best, having its deep sense of responsibility.

We walked to the little church, which is at their gate, and as we drew near and met the people on their way to worship, I was struck by the affection—so much better than perfunctory respect—with which my hosts were greeted both by farmers and tenants alike.

Mr. Sanford showed Ruth and me into the second pew in the transept, while he and his wife occupied the one in front of it, which is the squire's. He read the lessons, and I wished I could read as well! I once heard a distinguished minister at home praised for his reading of the Bible because it "sounded so modern—as if he were reading the morning paper." Well, his reading was not in the least like that! He read with deep reverence, as "The covenant made with our fathers" and now delivered unto us.

The rector, a cousin of our host's, was indisposed, and his place was taken by a near-by vicar. The sermon had neither the interest of the morning paper nor the awe of an ancient revelation! Indeed, it was a stupid thing, which I guessed was one of those which, it is said, can be bought "ready made," and of any shade of churchmanship. This one had no color at all!

The preacher was invited to dine with the squire and accepted. He must be a survival. He explained the difficulty the country parson has in collecting his tithes. Turning to his host, he said: "I had a most disagreeable task last week; Scroston was in arrears again, and I had to distrain his cow."

Mr. Sanford looked much distressed, and said: "I don't think I should have done that."

"Neither should I, had it been a personal mat-

ter; but one must consider one's successor. If a precedent were once established, it might lead to much trouble." And to this there seemed to be no reply!

After dinner, when the neighboring parson had left, Mr. Sanford suggested a "look round." Ruth said she had some letters to write, which in England means a nap, so we started off together. In my ignorance I supposed a "look round" meant a stroll about the place. I soon found it meant something more like what we call a "hike."

There is a wide-spread impression among Americans that England is a small place. Let any one go with an English gentleman after a good Sunday dinner, for a "look round," and I venture to say he will change his mind! I suppose I am "soft" from motoring, but I know I was "all in" when we at length reached home. But my host, no longer a young man, seemed as fresh as when we started.

He had been much amused by my attempts to make up to a farmer, whom we met—also "taking a look round." We were crossing a beautiful field, in which were some noble oaks whose wide-spread branches cast so deep a shadow that it looked black, and, by way of making myself agreeable, I remarked to him: "I have been telling Mr. Sanford how much I admire your trees. You must be proud of them."

"Aye, they look well to a town dweller, but I never notice them except at hayin', and then I wish they was anywhere else."

"But you turn your cattle into this field sometimes, I suppose, and they must enjoy the shade on a hot day."

"Well, if they stand under one of them on a hot day, they'll be in a draft, and get a chill, and maybe die."

This certainly was not encouraging, but I did not know enough to stop. Just then some heifers came nosing around, and I said: "That's a beautiful heifer."

"Which one?" said the farmer.

"The white one," said I.

"I wish you lived about here and I could sell her to you. No *farmer* would buy her."

"Why not?" said I.

"We think the white ones is 'saft,'" he replied.

This, as I say, gave great satisfaction to Mr. Sanford, who recounted it at tea with great gusto.

The servants all went to evening service, but the family did not, so I "wrote letters"!

Supper was served at nine o'clock, and then all the servants came in for prayers—"cook" first, and the kitchen-maid last, the butler standing aside to close the door, and then solemnly taking his place.

Mr. Sanford read a chapter, and after that a

beautiful prayer that all might be faithful in their duties, kind, and considerate to one another, honor the King and love the church. Then Mrs. Sanford took her place at the harmonium and played several hymns, in which all the servants joined—I thought the footman's tenor worthy of a church choir, and I suspect he thought so too! and I am sure the housemaid agreed with us both! Altogether the singing was beautiful.

When the service was over, Mr. Sanford said, very simply: "My friends, we have now come to the beginning of another week, and I wish to thank you all for faithful service. If, at any time I have been impatient with any of you, I ask your forgiveness. And now I bid you all good night."

The butler showed them all out, looking at the footman, I thought, as much as to say: "Have you any complaint to make about the master? If so, kindly address yourself to me!" As for me, I confess I had a "lump" in my throat.

As we drove away next morning, Ruth said: "I suppose by this time you have become a Tory!"

"No," I said, "not quite, but if you ever hear me say a word against England again say 'Sanford,' and I will cry 'Peccavi.' How cheap and self-conscious democracy seems after this glimpse of English gentle people. Where can their like be found?"

XXV

THE COUNTY FAMILIES

JOHN should be writing this, but he says he is tired. I am sure he must be. But there is another reason, which is that he is cross, poor dear, and you, no doubt, will think with good reason when you hear what he has been through.

On leaving Sharrow—the Sanfords' place—we drove to the village where still stands the inn known as "The Maypole" in "Barnaby Rudge." Willit is dead, and I saw nothing as attractive as Dolly Varden, nor anything as horrible, I am thankful to say, as Hugh. In other words, we felt as Thackeray says he felt when he visited Tours—it had none of the charm which he had expected after reading "Quentin Durward"!

I urged John to leave the car at the Maypole and go to town by train, for I knew it would be an exhausting experience to drive through the city. But no. He was determined to see if he was enough of a chauffeur to accomplish a feat which tries the nerve of a professional! So we started.

The road led us to the east side of the city, which we entered with the late market-carts. No words can describe the congestion. It was not only the innumerable wagons of every descrip-

tion which made progress almost impossible, but the swarms of creatures which I suppose one must call "human," though there was little indication of their humanity except the power of speech, and when one had heard that, one was tempted to wish they were without it! There are veritably two Englands, the one we had just left, of green fields and clear brooks and kind hearts and noble deeds, and now this sink of iniquity. There is nothing in New York to compare with it, for, shocking as our tenement-house district is, one is comforted by the thought that it is temporary, that there is an upward trend, and that the children of the tenements—almost exclusively of foreign-born parentage—are destined to escape. But these poor creatures are predestined to "damnation" before they are born. There is all the difference between the East Side of New York and the East End of London that there is between a stream which has been defiled by the drainage of factories, but which will purify itself after it has flowed a certain number of miles, and a malarial swamp, whose stagnant waters have no power of movement and, therefore, no hope of cleansing, but will breed sickness from generation to generation. This is the reverse of the medal inscribed "As it was in the beginning," etc.

Through this seething mass, then, we made our way into White Chapel, the nursery of crime,

into Cannon Street, where the great wholesale houses distribute the wealth of the empire, and where the great dray-horses, almost as large as elephants, block the way, past St. Paul's, the silent witness to a faith which the life around seems to have forgotten—if it ever heard of it!—into Holborn, with its restaurants and shops and law-courts, and at last into Leicester Square, with its foreign population and its palatial music-halls.

It has taken but a few moments to write this, but it took hours to drive it, and I confess when it was over I felt like the Irishman in the bottomless Sedan chair: "If it wasn't for the honor of the thing, I'd as lief walk." I had the good sense not to ask John how he felt. I could tell by looking at him: his face was white and drawn.

Before we started from the Maypole, John had suggested wiring to the "Holland" for rooms, but I induced him to come here—"Garvin's Private Hotel"—instead, and now I wish I had not!

The Slocums had advised me to come here rather than to one of the great caravansaries, which they said are so "Cooksy." They told me that they always stopped here, and that I should like the class of people one meets here—the county families—and also that one received that personal attention which formerly made English hotels

unique, and which Americans and Germans were killing.

Well, I found it good enough. The bedrooms may have been dingy—to speak the truth they were—but the maid was pleasant and efficient, and the dinner, if not exciting, was palatable. But John said it "had nothing on a Lexington Avenue boarding-house." The truth is, he was tired out, and vexed because a telegram, which he had expected to find here, had not arrived.

The next day he went to the manager, and an investigation was begun which led to the discovery that the telegram, which had arrived the day before, was in the porters' rack! It seems that Garvin's has doors on two streets, and the porter of the door by which we did *not* enter had received it. When John asked why it had not been sent to his room, he was informed, first, that no one had told *that* porter that we were in the house, and, second, that telegrams were sent only to private sitting-rooms! I don't know which excuse made him the more angry. It was then he made his remark about the Lexington Avenue boarding-house. Not that he knows anything about them, for he has never stayed in one in his life, but because it was the first thing he thought of. It was an example of what I once heard you call "the universe of discourse." But, "you bet," I didn't tell him so!

At dinner John looked round the dreary dining-room and asked where were the "county families"?

I also was feeling the strain of the day, and said "I hoped to meet them later."

He replied he hoped he might be out when they called.

By this time I was well-nigh desperate, and suggested that he go outside and smoke his cigar in the street, for I had caught a glimpse of the "Smoke Room," which looks out on a mews, and is more like a dog-kennel than a room, and I did not feel I could stand any more remarks about "private hotels"! *Entre nous*, I advise you never to go to one. I have no doubt if you were a "county family," and came up every year as your father had done before you, and took the "first floor front," with a private sitting-room, they would "do you well." But it is no place for transients.

As we had no sitting-room, I went to the dreary parlor to read and, if possible, to quiet my mind before going to bed. But instead of reading, I began to think of John, and the more I thought of him the sadder I grew. I know no one who bears the great troubles of life more patiently than he, but a petty thing, like this telegram, poisons him as the black flies poisoned me in the Adirondacks! They only bite most people, but they

send me to bed with a temperature! And the worst of it is he suffers such remorse after one of these attacks. Why should we laugh at Mrs. Gummage? There are people who "feel it more than others." However, I reflected that there was nothing I could do about it, and so turned to my book.

It was one of those dreary books of Benson's, which are conducive to intellectual and moral indigestion—wallowing in imaginary emotions—and I did not see how I could read it in the frame of mind I was then in. But I did not have to, for I was suddenly startled by a voice saying: "If you won't think me rude, I *should* like to know where you got that hat?"

My first thought was that Garvin's was another sort of private institution, but peering into the dim corner, I saw a typical "county family," or rather the head of one. He was a hale and hearty old man, somewhat over sixty, and had the ruddy complexion which only English country life can give. I saw he was not dangerous, and also that he was unquestionably a "gentleman," so I replied: "I am glad you like it. I got it at Bonwit Teller's."

"I don't know the shop," he said, in a disappointed tone.

"Well, that is not surprising, for it is in New York."

"Really! And are you an American? I never should have," etc.

"Did you want a hat like this for yourself?" I demurely asked.

"Oh, I say! Now you are trying to pull my leg."

I looked at the solid limb in question, and assured him I had no such purpose.

"No, I didn't want it for myself. The truth is, I saw you at dinner—by the way, why do they call that leather they served to-night 'mutton'? I wonder if they have ever tasted mutton? Awful food they give one at these hotels nowadays! Poison, I call it! I always stop at my club when I come up to town, but this time I have my wife and daughter with me. Couldn't take them to the club, of course, so came here. Family been coming here forever, I should say; came when the father of this man had it. This man married the French maid, and she has put on the table a lot of kickshaws, and calls them a '*menu*.' Silly stuff. There was no such nonsense in the father's time. One just called the waiter and said, 'What's the joint?' and that was all there was to it. But, as I was saying, I saw you at dinner, and said to my daughter: 'That's a deuced pretty-looking girl over there, and I wish you had a hat like her's.' You don't mind my telling you this? Wouldn't do for a young man, but an old man has his privileges."

I assured him I was flattered, and the simple-hearted old squire replied: "Not at all. The simple truth."

I was rather confused at this and, not quite thinking what I was saying, asked what his daughter said.

"'Why,' she said, 'if you admire the lady's hat, you had better ask her where she got it.' And, by George, I said I would, never dreaming, you understand, that I should really ever speak to you.

"You see, they have gone to the play, but as I have taken a cold, something I never have at home, I thought I would stop in and write some letters. But the fire in my sitting-room (though it is August, the evenings are chill) smokes so I came in here, and no sooner got settled down than I heard some one come in and, looking round, saw it was you. Matilda *will* be surprised when she learns that I have asked about the hat." And he chuckled to himself at the thought.

I turned again to my book but the old man was not done with me. "So you are an American. Is it true that Americans have baths in their drawing-rooms?"

"I have never seen one there, but as they have them generally about the house, I should not be surprised."

"Oh, you must not take me too seriously," he

said in a sorrowful tone; "I was only ragging you a bit!"

I laughed, not, I fear, with, but at, the simple old soul.

"I have never understood this craze for bathrooms myself," he continued; "I think it far more comfortable to have the maid bring the tub into the room at the same time she draws the curtains and lights the fire, for then one takes one's bath in comfort, rather than go into a cold closet. Nor do I like to lie down in a tub. It makes me feel as if I were ill—at Harrowgate or some such place, don't you know. More than that, I suspect there is a lot of talk about bathing that does not amount to much. There is a daughter of one of my tenants who went as housemaid to one of the great hotels in Chicago —the Blackamoor, I think it is called. She came home to visit her mother a year ago, and I asked her if it were true that many rooms had private baths. She said that every room in the place had its own bathroom, and that the very bagmen, if you please, would swagger in and say, 'Room with bath,' but that days would go by without their being used! Just ordered them to put on side. She is a very shrewd girl, and she explained to me why it was that Americans have so many bathrooms. She said the ladies insisted upon it because they did not wish to be seen

going along the passages in the flannel gowns they all wear. She said if they had handsome bath-robes, such as English ladies wear, they would not be ashamed to be seen going to the bath."

Don't you think that girl earned a good tip? But perhaps you, like my garrulous old friend, will think I am trying to "pull your leg," but I give you my word it is all true. I am not sure whether you will say "Aren't they the limit?" or "Can you beat it?" I said both!

John came in in a penitent mood, as I knew he would, and brought me a superb bunch of roses—a sort of "sin-offering." What should I have done had I married a saint!

XXVI

THE BOAT-RACE

I THINK Ruth has written you about our stay in London, so I will say nothing about it except to advise you to avoid "private hotels." Ruth has so many fine qualities that there must be some flaws or she would not be long with us! One of them is this: If a person of whom she is fond advised her to go to—well, I won't say it!

no argument would have any effect upon her. She would wish to start at once! Well, that is over for the time, so let us forget it.

By good chance we met the Ingrams from Boston at the hotel, and they told us, what any porter at a real hotel would have known, that the race between Harvard and Cambridge was to take place that day, so we started early in the car to get a good place on the river-bank. We drew up near Mortlake, where there is a bend in the river, and which, I was told, was the best place because the leading boat at that spot has seldom, if ever, been passed.

It was one of those perfect days which redeems the English climate, and shows that the poets must have had some experience of heavenly weather, and not, as the cynics on our side of the water have suggested, imagined the weather which they describe! The river was a sight not soon to be forgotten. There were hundreds of punts on the river and more pretty girls and stalwart young men than could be assembled in any other country in the world, I suppose. All of those were not on their way to the boat-race, however, but were the usual Saturday crowd "out for a good time." We saw scores of punts tied up to the trees on the river-bank, in which the girls were busy making tea, and the boys, clad in white flannels, were smoking their brierwoods. I

suppose there was the usual amount of sentiment but it was not in evidence. Indeed, both girls and boys seemed keen for tea!

The right bank of the river was lined with motors, while the path through the meadows on the opposite side was crowded with those who had come from town on buses and trams, and were now running along the bank, seeking the best places from which to view the struggle. But how a race could be rowed on that river was more than I could guess. One could not have moved a skiff through the mass of boats which crowded it from bank to bank. Yet nothing was done to clear the course. I feared a foul. But just before the time for starting, a little motor-boat shot out from the bank, and without any blowing of whistles or shouting or confusion of any sort, but apparently in answer to the simple request of the official standing in the bow of the launch, boats and punts disappeared, as if by magic, and in a twinkling the course was clear! I thought with shame of what would be seen at home in like conditions—the noise and bullying, on the one hand, and the overflowing of the course as soon as the backs of the police were turned! But this was a striking exhibition at once of the law-abiding spirit of the English and the equal respect of individual rights. For, as I have said, the liberty of the individual was respected up to the last moment, and then

the crowd willingly conceded the rights of the community.

Half New York seemed to be there, and one heard the shrill voices of our charming compatriots as the word was passed along: "They are off!"

The betting was in favor of the English crew, and when the boats appeared around the bend of the river, it was easy to see why it should have been.

Harvard had the outside—slightly longer—course, but even so, it was evident that they were outclassed. Better form I never saw than Harvard showed. The men moved like a machine. There was no splashing and no sound was heard as the boat swept by. Not so Cambridge: the water was churned as if with a screw, and there was much shouting. It may have been only the voice of the coxswain, but I thought I distinguished several voices, but the boat *moved*, or, rather, it seemed to leap, after each stroke, while the Harvard shell seemed to settle and wait after each stroke for the next. Just as they passed us Harvard spurted, and a gallant effort it was, but too late, and Cambridge shot under the Mortlake bridge, nearly two lengths ahead. Then I heard what I had never heard before—and what I suppose cannot be heard out of England—the roar of a great multitude. Our college yells seemed thin

in comparison—the silence settled down, and the river was filled again with the little boats, which had scuttled to the banks to let the racers go by.

We went on our way wondering why it was that no amateur American crew had ever beaten an English one in a four-mile race. When the car was blocked by a mass of motors a little distance above the bridge, a punt floated slowly by, and a nice-looking lad called out to me: "Which won?" It never occurred to me that he, less than a mile from the finish, did not know the result, when crowds were at that moment reading the bulletins in Times Square and men were discussing it in the clubs in Hong Kong.

So, thinking he was "pulling my leg," I answered "Harvard."

"Hard luck," was all he said, as his punt slipped quickly by.

I was therefore considerably startled when a man in the car next ours remarked, in an indignant tone:

"You had no right to say that. You know it is not true!"

"Why," I replied, "so did he."

"Not at all, or he would not have asked."

"Well, I am sorry; I supposed he was poking fun at me."

But this only made matters worse. For he now shouted:

"You had no right to assume that. The lad was evidently a gentleman and would not have been guilty of such an unsportsmanlike thing."

By this time I felt as if I had poisoned the favorite for the Derby, and in desperation said:

"Well, after all, no great harm was done."

"That is more than you know," replied this uncompromising individual; "he may have had something on it!"

Now I felt as if I had picked the lad's pocket, and did what any pickpocket would do, escaped as soon as possible!

We drove to Maidenhead for tea and had the good luck to find there the Siegels. I don't think you know them. He is one of the so-called "Pittsburgh crowd"—inventor of a patent car-seat or something of the sort—and has made a mint of money. I have been told that in Pittsburgh he is called "Chilled Steel"! Well, he is anything but that when one meets him away from business. He overflows with kindness and fun.

After cordial greetings I told him of my experience on the towing-path, and he was greatly amused.

"But," he said, with mock solemnity, "you ought to have known better than to monkey with sport in England. It is their religion. It was like crying 'To Hell with the Pope' on St. Patrick's Day."

I said it was too bad Harvard was beaten.

"What did you expect?" he asked, and then: "Did you have much on it?"

"Nothing but interest," I replied.

"That's where you are ahead of me," he said. "I had some capital on it!"

"Did you expect Harvard to win?"

"Who, I? Not in a thousand years; but just to cheer the boys up a bit I put a few pounds on them. Well, it's all gone, but I guess I'll charge it up to the 'Charity Fund,' and so have a few coppers left for a cigar after dinner."

"No," he said, speaking seriously for a moment, "I went down to the Harvard quarters yesterday to see Tom Burch's son, who is in the crew, and, say, I hadn't been there five minutes when all the 'pep' began to ooze out of me. Those boys have been training for three weeks in this muggy climate, and it has sapped 'em. I don't say they could have won, anyway, for I understand that that Cambridge bunch is a hard proposition—one of the best crews they have turned out in years—but they might just as well have given our boys a dose of bromide every morning before breakfast as to train them in the Thames valley. If I had the handling of a crew over here, I'd put them on the river the day before the race, so as to learn their way through this winding creek they call a river, and the next day I'd call the race, while

those boys still had some U. S. ozone in them. Well, it's all in the family," he continued, "and it will serve as a set-off to the cup races and the polo games, and as long as it was not a German crew that won, I don't much care." I saw by the twitching of his lips that there was a story coming, and was not disappointed. But it is too long for this letter, and so will have to be given in my next.

XXVII

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE

"Mr. Siegel," I said, when tea was finished and we had lighted his cigars, "I thought you were 'German.'"

"You did, hey? Well, I'm German the same way you are English! My grandfather was a *real* German, but they ran him out in '48, and he went over with Schurz and the rest of that band, and if you can find better Americans than their descendants, I do not know where they are. The German of to-day is another creature, and I want nothing to do with him. Those people are the limit; '*verboten*' this and '*verboten*' that, till a man doesn't dare do anything without asking the policeman if he may. Women have to stand in the gutter till an officer goes by. Why, when

we were in Berlin one of them would have run Maria through with his sword if I hadn't told him I was a friend of the Kaiser."

"Jim," exclaimed Mrs. Siegel, "how you do talk! You know he never touched me, and you never spoke to the Kaiser!"

"Well, *he* didn't know it! And moreover, as I am a friend of Carnegie—now that he has gone out of business—and had on a good suit of clothes, and so looked as if I could lend money to his boss, he believed it was true, and so let you live. Oh, I can manage the army all right, it is the custom-house officer who 'gets my goat.' I understand how to deal with the American breed, but I am helpless with those fellows. However, I have got things fixed now, so that if we ever have to go back there, it will not be as bad as it was at Frankfort."

"What happened at Frankfort?" I asked.

"Well, I'll tell you. My doctor at home wanted to go to Canada for the fishing, and fearing a competitor would get his business away from him, told me to go to Carlsbad and get a good soak. When I had finished with the prune puré, the veal and the water, I started for Frankfort to meet Maria, who had been at St. Moritz. She had the usual twenty-one trunks, and I asked for the keys and began to open them—getting one key in five right, accusing the French

maid of having lost some of them, and getting the usual French change in reply.

"Well, sir, if a man is looking for a sweat he has no need to go to Carlsbad, let him try to open his wife's trunks while a German pig in uniform looks on! When you tell him you can't find one key, but it is the one for the soiled-clothes bag, and he says that is the one he most wants to see, you are 'up against it.'

"I should have had a fit in a few minutes, I believe, if I had not caught sight of Charlie Wilson at the other end of the shed, trying to get *his* wife's trunks open. But he was not showing the same patience and dignity as I was. His language was something awful. He first told the maid he had given her the key to the hat-box, and she said he hadn't. Then he said he had given it to his wife, and *she* said he hadn't, so I knew he must be badly rattled. When a man begins to *change* his lies it's a sure sign he has lost his nerve. Mrs. Wilson began to cry, and *her* pig laughed. So just to cheer them up a bit I called out: 'Hello, Charlie, I thought you were down at your place on Long Island.' Then I thought *Charlie* was going to cry! He wiped the sweat off his face and, coming over to me, said:

"'Jim, this is something fierce! I have a perfectly good home where we can have chowder three times a day, if we want it, and a swim in the

surf every evening, and things to drink that are not made out of hair-oil, and I left it all and came over here because that —— doctor told me to go to Homburg!'

"Well, we finally got all the trunks open, and as they found nothing they could fine me for, we were allowed to drive to the hotel. Mrs. Wilson was still dabbling her eyes with a bit of lace that one tear would have made a sop, and Maria said she was worn out, and was going to bed, and Charlie said he must have a drink, and so I told his wife I would go with him, and see that he did not take two!

"When this had been done I went to my room, took off my coat and collar, and sat down to wrestle with the problem of trunks. After a while it came to me, and I rang for the porter. He came, in his field-marshal's uniform, and said, 'Bitter?' and I said, 'Very bitter,' and then asked him if he could speak the English language? He said he could speak all languages. I guess that was right, but it would have been better if he had spoken one at a time! However, he finally got it into his head that I wanted a locksmith, and said he thought he could get one that evening or the next morning.

"I said: 'My friend, you listen to me: every minute you delay takes off a mark from what is coming to you when I leave, so you can calculate

how much will be owing me if you don't get a move on.'

"Well, that got under his skin, and before long he returned with a man in a green apron, who, he said, was a locksmith.

"I explained to the porter that I wanted the locks taken off every trunk, and twenty-one new locks put on, which one key would fit. It took him some time to understand that I did not want twenty-one keys and one lock, but when he did, he translated it into one of his five branches of languages. The man in the green apron began to run around in circles and said there were not twenty-one locks alike in Frankfort. I asked where they could be gotten, and Green Apron said only at the factory.

"Well, where was that?

"In Munich or near there. If he wrote he might be able to get them in a week.

"I asked if his health did not permit him to travel.

"When he got that, he was instructed to take the first train to Munich and get those locks, bring them back and have them on the trunks by noon the next day. It was Maria's birthday, and I wanted to give her a surprise.

"Well, sir, it was done, and now life is easy. The only drawback was that there were no more German custom-houses for us to pass through,

and so no more officers who wanted to see how many pieces we had in the wash, for we shipped our baggage 'in bond' and when we reached England the officer said: 'If you will open that one, it will be all that I shall require,' and when I offered him what would be expected at home, he declined it! However, I shall have some fun at home when we get on the dock where the officers loaf while distracted passengers hunt for keys.

"The porter got his tip, but whether it was not as much as he had expected, or whether he thought I had not shown proper respect for the field-marshal's uniform, or for some other reason, he did not seem grateful and said something about tags. I told him I didn't need any, as I had had mine printed before we left home.

"Maria says that I did not understand, that the Germans are expecting a sort of Day of Judgment, and that *Tag* means Day. Well, if it comes while I'm still here, I'm willing to take what's coming to me if sentence can be suspended till I see some of those army and custom-house officers get theirs. I worked in the rolling-mills, when I was young, and I guess I can stand it better than some!"

"Jim," said Mrs. Siegel, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself, talking that way before Mr. Dobson."

"I guess that's right, mother, but Dobson dresses and talks and acts so like a *man* that I keep forgetting that he is a preacher."

As we drove away toward Windsor I said to Ruth: "Is he not typical of hundreds we know, and, in spite of their roughness, what a power they are in the land!"

But Ruth had not found him so amusing as I did. She said that she found that continuous exaggeration, which is supposed to be the essence of American humor, rather tiring, and added:

"I do not deny his good spirit and kindliness, but underneath there seems to be a kind of *hardness* in men of his sort that frightens me. Your neighbor of this afternoon who rebuked you, was unquestionably lacking in a sense of humor—or at any rate in the kind we are used to—but he was a finer type than this man, and I cannot help feeling that the man who has an awful sense of truth is a greater national asset than the man we have just left."

When Ruth takes that tone I do not dare to answer, but I may say to you that I do not think she does these men justice. If "Der Tag" ever comes—and in my opinion it will not come—I think all this talk is just *fluff*—still, if it should come, I believe these reckless talkers, but shrewd—well, perhaps also hard—men will give to the nation all the shrewdness and all the energy

which went into the upbuilding of their business, and yet will keep on laughing at the world, and at themselves, too, all the time!

XXVIII

THE "ROB" ROOM

I ASKED John if he was writing to you and he grinned and said perhaps I had better write. The fact is, he has not been behaving very well, and is, I suspect, rather ashamed of himself—at least, I hope he is!

We came to Windsor and put up at what John insisted upon calling the "Purple Sow," though it is really the "White Heifer."

The next morning we went to St. George's Chapel, which seemed to me the most beautiful church I had ever seen, and where the music would have filled your heart with joy. By some ill chance, it was one of the days when they sing the Athanasian Creed, and, to my horror, John refused to stand up! He said it was "blasphemous," and I felt like asking, like the man at Barchester: "If you once begin, where will you end?" But thought it best to let him alone.

The same afternoon we were shown over the castle with a horde of sightseers. John was per-

fectly quiet until we came to the room in which the trophies are displayed. As we were standing before one of the glass cases in which are splendid swords and cups of gold and jewels from India and China, and "the uttermost parts of the sea" —a record of the least admirable page in English history—John, I could see by the expression of his face, was *thinking*. I could only hope he would not "start" anything! But he is like Benny Joyce, who, when he was asked in Sunday School if he had any faults, replied that he thought he could say he was without any, except when his brother Tony provoked him!

Well, John's "brother Tony" was near at hand, in the person of the typical English shopkeeper.

Turning to John, he said, in a tone half-ashamed and half-exultant:

"I say, we have collared a lot of things, have we not?"

"Yes," replied John, "that is why it is called the 'Rob' room!"

I must say, while I wished he had said nothing, I do think this was awfully quick!

The man looked puzzled for a moment, and then replied: "I suppose you mean the Robe Room." But as he received no answer he evidently thought it over, and then burst out with:

"Oh, I say! That's awfully good. I see,

'Rob' room! Would you mind if I told that to my wife?"

John grimly remarked that he would be delighted. So he trotted off to the other side of the room and began talking with evident glee to a woman with a most uncompromising face. Apparently her reaction was not what he had expected, and his countenance fell. He returned to John, and in a most truculent tone, remarked:

"You are an American, aren't you?"

To which John, in an equally aggressive tone answered: "I thank God I am."

"I thought so," he replied. "And, if you don't mind my saying so, my wife thinks, and I quite agree with her, that your remark was a most objectionable one."

Did you ever hear of anything more absurd? I am glad to say John had the good sense not to make a scene. So we withdrew—but not with the honors of war! Do you wonder he does not feel like writing to you?

We had intended going west from here and resuming our interrupted journey, but a letter from Lady Groves, who is a friend of Maud's, asking us to spend the night with them at their place, near Reading, delayed us again.

We did not arrive this time for tea as there was something the matter with the car—ignition trouble, I believe—but fortunately it was put

right in time for us to reach our destination for dinner.

How can one express the charm of a welcome to an English house? These people, who seem so "standoffish," when one does not know them, expand into the most winning cordiality when they receive one into their own homes. So that one feels that an "Englishman's house is not alone his castle, but also a hospice!"

The bedroom, to which I was shown, called the "Bird" room, because of the pattern of the paper and the chintz, was filled with real "Sheraton," which had never even heard of Grand Rapids! There was a dressing-room for John, equally attractive, but more "manly."

John, as usual, declined to give up his keys to the footman, and threw his things around everywhere, in what looked like hopeless confusion, but in a way which, as he said, enables him to "find things."

There were but two guests besides ourselves at dinner, a Mr. and Miss Buckthorne. Sir William took me in and Mr. Buckthorne Lady Groves, so Miss Buckthorne fell to John.

It seems the Buckthornes had one of the finest private collections of "Sir Joshuas" in England, but they are "land-poor" and so have been obliged to sell most of them. I thought it might interest Miss Buckthorne to hear about one of them,

which Mr. Frazer bought, and began to explain how it was hung in his new gallery.

Perhaps it was not tactful to speak of it at all, at any rate she was not in the least interested, and from her manner I thought John was not likely to have a good time.

Her brother, on the other hand, was a most interesting person, so much so that I listened so intently to his conversation that I forgot all about John and his partner. When, however, I did look at him, I found that there was an ominous silence on his side of the table. When we went upstairs I inquired how he had enjoyed himself. He was delighted with his host and hostess, and said that he found Mr. Buckthorne one of the best-informed men he had ever talked with, but rudely remarked that "she," meaning, I gathered, Miss Buckthorne, "was the limit."

I said: "I noticed you did not have much to say to one another."

"I had plenty to say to her," he growled, "but after the first course she never spoke to me."

"Oh, John," I said, "tell me just what happened."

"Well," he said, looking rather sheepish, "we did not hit it off."

"I hope you did not criticise England?"

"Certainly not," he indignantly replied. "Well, I will tell you just what happened. As we were

going into the dining-room she said to me, in that wooden voice of hers: 'How do you manage in America, about precedence, having no aristocracy?'

"I said, 'We are greatly troubled about it, and I fear shall never find a solution of the problem until we become again an English colony.'"

"John," I cried, "how could you?"

"Well, she looked so melancholy that I thought I would jolly her up a bit."

"Yes," I retorted, "but haven't you been here long enough to learn that what you call 'jollying' the English call 'ragging,' and leave it to schoolboys, and do not indulge in it at dinner-parties?"

"Well, I learned to-night," he replied. Seemingly that was the end of the matter, but I knew better, and insisted upon knowing all, so he continued: "She asked what we were doing in the meantime, and I said: 'Oh, we are just experimenting.'

"'How do you mean "experimenting,"' she said.

"Well, at one house the butler, when he announced dinner, said: 'The oldest lady present will please go in first.' Of course, no one would move; so that night we had no dinner. The next dinner we went to, he said: 'This evening it is requested that the most beautiful lady present will lead the way.' And as they all rushed together, several people were injured, and again the dinner had to

be given up. And, when I left, I found that every one was standing as near the door as possible, so as to slip in first and get the best seat at table."

She gasped, and exclaimed, "How extraordinary!" and never spoke another word during the dinner. I do not know now whether she is thinking it over, or whether she suspects that I was engaged in that interesting pastime of "pulling her leg," though from the glimpse I caught— But I spare you!

XXIX

VESTED INTERESTS

I THINK Ruth has written you some nonsense about me to which I hope you will pay no attention. She is somewhat of a romancer. I do not mean that the bare facts are not as she states them, but I have your own high authority for the dictum that "A fact is often a most misleading thing"!

At any rate, I know she could not have told you about the interesting conversation we men had over our cigars after dinner, last night. After the ladies withdrew Sir William asked me many questions about our church. He wished particularly to learn how "The Anglican Church

in the States" got on without the supervision of the state. I explained how rectors were "called," and bishops elected, and deputies to the General Convention chosen, etc. He was greatly interested, and said that unless something was done to give the laity a voice in the management of the parish, he believed the days of the Church of England were numbered. I asked him why he felt so despondent, and he said:

"Take the case of this parish: the rector is an uncouth creature who was given the living by a man to whom his father was tutor, and who probably took orders with this in view, for he is far more interested in his glebe than in the cure of souls. He will not listen to any suggestions, but goes his own way. All the money goes into his hands and there is no accounting to any one. I do not suggest that he is dishonest, but I do say that a man who had the right feeling would recognize that the people should know the amounts given, and the purposes for which they are used."

I said: "Surely there is a churchwarden?"

"True, but he is the schoolmaster, appointed by the rector and dependent upon him. The service is conducted in a most slovenly manner, and the music is quite painful. I offered to pay for a proper choirmaster, but he said that was an insult to his wife's sister, who plays the organ. The result of his bad manners and dictatorial spirit is

that the congregation has dwindled to a mere handful, and they are mostly children whom the schoolmaster compels to come. The fact is that dissent is increasing at an alarming rate, and I think that soon there will be nothing left but the parson and the glebe!"

"Can the bishop do nothing?" I asked.

"Apparently not. The bishop says that if a responsible person will prefer charges he will take the matter up, but that 'a man cannot be deprived of his living because he happens to be unpopular.' Of course, if the Church of England exists to provide 'livings,' there is nothing more to be said. But if its purpose is to minister to the people, a way must be found to accomplish that. But I fear the attempt will prove fatal to the Establishment."

Of course, you and I should not feel that this would be fatal to the church, but what these men fear is that if the impartial hand of the state is withdrawn, the church will become a sect, or rather as many sects as there are now parties. And if disestablishment comes before the laity have gained their rights, we can guess what the "ecclesiastic" clerical, and especially the laymen —whom Thomas Browne once referred to as "ecclesiastical eunuchs"!—will make of it.

Mr. Buckthorne, who had kept silent while we were talking, now said: "This is a hard case, but

it is nothing to what our parish has to endure." I said, "What is your trouble? What has your parson done?"

"You might better ask what has he not done! In the first place, there is a very ugly story about a farmer's daughter—the rights of which I neither know nor wish to know—but as a result none of the farmers will have anything to say to him. In the second place, he sits in the bar of the public house every Saturday night till closing time, drinking with the village topers, and consequently the respectable tradesmen will not come into the church. And finally it is reported—I do not say it is true, for I should not like to bring such a charge against any man without positive proof—but I do know it is commonly believed that he has shot partridges *sitting!* and, of course, after that, no *gentleman* will have anything to do with him."

"I should hope not," cried Sir William indignantly.

No, I did not laugh at this moral anticlimax. I again asked if the bishop could do nothing.

"Oh, the bishop has been appealed to, and, being a good man himself and a gentleman, is, of course, greatly distressed. I was one of those who went to see him, but all he could say was: 'Dear me, this is very sad. But it is to be remembered that the man is a rector and has a

vested interest in the living. Of course, if responsible people can be found to substantiate these charges, undoubtedly he could be brought to trial, but it must not be forgotten that the law against libel is very stringent, and I should not care to move unless I could be assured that a verdict in my favor was a little more than probable.' And so the matter was dropped."

"What shall we say to these things?" Well, the obvious thing is that it is not royalty, as the Fourth of July orators used to declaim, nor the House of Lords, as the Hyde Park speakers are asserting, nor the palaces of the bishops, as some of our non-conformist friends believe; it is the "vested interests," which the new democracy must blast out of church and state before the people can determine their own destiny.

I suspect, if we were face to face, you with your sceptical spirit would suggest that there is something else to be said, which is that this quiet and intelligent-looking Mr. Buckthorne may have been feeding me on the same diet I served to his sister. At any rate, if not about the lesser immorality of his parson, at least about his heinous crime of shooting partridges, sitting.

I do not deny that this is possible, and indeed, much as I should wish to believe such a story, I am almost in hopes it is not true, for, if you will read to the end of this long story—which must,

however, be left to my next—you will see why I have to-day a fellow feeling for the wretch, which last night I should have thought impossible!

XXX

"THE AULD UN'"

We had intended to take our departure the next morning, but Sir William was so insistent that we should stay at least a part of the day that we decided to wait until the afternoon. This gave great pleasure to Ruth, who wished to see the garden—she is still dreaming of that country parsonage where she will have a garden of her own!

As there was nothing in particular for me to do our host suggested that I might take a gun and go out with him to "pick up a few rabbits." I told him the only ones I was likely to pick up would be those shot by some one else, for I had not handled a gun since I was in college. But, evidently, he felt about that as you would feel if a brother parson were to say that he was so rusty in his Greek that he could not read his New Testament. It would not seem credible!

You must know that nothing can be done in England without "dressing for the part." Sir

William was already arrayed for the *battue*, but I had to get out some knickerbockers, which took time because the troublesome footman had put them away! However they were found at last, and they with my Norfolk jacket made me presentable, so we started with the keeper, who carried over his shoulder a sack in which were evidently live creatures of some sort, for the bag was constantly agitated. I hoped they might be rabbits for me to "pick up," but they proved to be ferrets.

When we reached the warrens these crawling creatures—which look like diminutive dachshunds—were shaken out of the bag and promptly melted into the earth. Soon there was heard a faint squealing, and the keeper announced that one of the young ferrets was killing a rabbit and would be of no further use to us. But the others had a deeper sense of duty, or were better sportsmen—which seems to mean the same thing—for soon the rabbits began to pop up all over the place. Sir William had potted two before I could get my gun to my shoulder. The keeper called my attention to the fact that it was necessary to "look lively," but that is a thing at which I have never been good.

However, I determined that I would do better the next time the rabbits appeared. This I did, for a moment later I saw a little bunch of fluff,

no bigger than your fist, roll over and then lie still. One would have thought I had killed a bull moose, so generous was the applause of the keeper and Sir William. I felt like Mr. Winkle—or was it Mr. Tupman—when he shut his eyes and brought down the bird! I shot a number of times more but without success, and began to think I really must look more lively still. And I did! There were a few moments when no more rabbits appeared, though, from time to time, one of those slimy ferrets would come to the surface, stretch its long neck and look around to see if anything of interest appeared, and then silently melt again into the earth. Suddenly a head appeared from a hole some distance away. Sir William did not move—evidently had not seen it, so, thinking this was my chance I fired, and the creature rolled over, kicked once or twice, and then lay still.

I looked for applause, but as you may have noticed the audience does not always respond at the moment one expects!

There was a moment of silence, and then Sir William exclaimed: "Good Lord! You've shot the ferret!"

The keeper groaned as if he had lost his only child, and said, with tears in his voice: "It was the auld un'."

There was nothing to be said, and the keeper

sadly buried his favorite, and I felt as if I were one of that party who had buried Sir John Moore:

> "Not a drum was heard.
> Slowly and sadly we laid him down!"

We walked away without a word. There came, however, to my mind a story Sir William had told me as we left the house in the morning, of an American who came over to one of the great "Shoots" in Yorkshire and asked his host as they started out the first morning, "How much he ought to give the keeper?" and he replied: "It depends upon where you hit him." I laughed then, but I was not laughing now! For I was wondering what sum would make good the loss of an "Auld Un'."

I gave the keeper what I could afford—indeed more—but I am not sure he will ever be the same man again! I know one thing. I could have bought a fat red deer for what that little handful of fluff cost me!

As we started to leave the little clump of pines which had been the scene of the murder, the keeper threw the sack on the ground and said to the boy who had accompanied us—to bring home the rabbits, I suppose—"You can bring 'em home, Jock."

He evidently had not the heart to gather up the remaining ferrets, and so strode away after

Sir William. The boy looked up at me with a grin and held up the index finger of his right hand, on which there was the scar of a bite. I gathered that he and the "Auld Un'" had not been the best of friends, and that there was one of the party who did not mourn its untimely death!

I hurried after the others, and when I caught up with them, broke my gun to eject the lethal cartridge and the one that had not been fired, but my host said: "Oh, I wouldn't do that; we might meet a grouse on the way back. Jenkins," he said, turning to the keeper, "have you seen any hereabouts?"

"There was a brace, Sir William, in the stubble-field this morning. They may be around now, we might take a look."

"I think, then," said Sir William, "we will cut through the Green Lane, and see what there is in that field."

We had hardly entered the lane when a bird rose from behind a bush with a whirr that startled me, but I fired almost without taking aim, and brought it down. There was an awful silence, and then Sir William said, in a strained voice: "I hardly know what we had better do. Still, as it is done, Jenkins, you had better send it up to the Hall."

"Excuse me, Sir William," said Jenkins, "but there would be a lot of talk in the servants' hall,

and I think it would be better if I took it home with me and burned the feathers, and no one but ourselves need be any the wiser. Thank God, the boy is back there in the wood! And I don't suppose the gentleman will talk."

After a long pause my host replied, with a sigh, that he supposed that would be best.

Perhaps you will be asking, what was the trouble? I knew no more than you! At first I thought I must have killed the twin brother of the "Auld Un'" but reflected that ferrets do not fly. It could not have been one of the keeper's children as I feared when I caught a glimpse of his face, for children do not have feathers to burn! At last, I said, rather testily, I fear: "Would you mind telling what is the trouble?"

Sir William looked at me, more in sorrow than in anger, and solemnly replied: "It was a *pheasant*."

Even then I did not understand. But little by little it came out that I had committed the unpardonable sin. For the time of pheasants was not yet! There is a heavy fine for shooting them out of season, but that did not trouble my generous host. It was the shame of the thing! If it were ever known among his fellow sportsmen that he or his keeper had been seen with a dead pheasant in their possession before the appointed day, he was a ruined man!

Never again can I laugh at Mr. Winkle! It is true I had not posed as a sportsman, but I should have had the moral courage to decline to have anything to do with a sport which might bring sorrow to the owner of the beloved "Auld Un'," and entail a shameful secret on my kindly host.

Much as I like them, I was glad to leave these kindly people, and one of them at least, I am sure, was glad to have me go! I can only hope that I may not be hereafter bracketed in his mind with the miscreant who is suspected of shooting partridges "sitting"!

XXXI

CHURCH AND STATE

We were now headed for Chester, but stopped the Sunday at Malvern. We had to take refuge in the hotel near the station because the more select one was full; but we found it comfortable, and the people with whom we came in contact made up for the exclusive refinement of the smaller inn.

On Sunday morning Ruth announced that she was going to take a "day off," so I went to the Abbey alone. It is a beautiful building in spite of restorations, but, as usual, I was more interested in the people than in the building, and as I

had to look with Ruth's eyes as well as my own, the first thing that attracted me was the number of children present, and, secondly, the beauty of the girls' hair. There were a score of girls whose hair would have made the fortune of the proprietor of a capillary tonic. It was long and glossy, and fine as silk. Sometimes, it seemed to me, the color was rather pale, but it floated over their shoulders in waves of beauty. I thought of St. Paul's remark that a woman's glory is her hair, which showed a more sympathetic appreciation than one would have expected from such a source. Indeed, it is almost the only thing he says about women which appeals to the modern mind.

You remember Newman's complaint, in the Apologia, that if there is anything more dreary than the Anglican service, he does not know what it is. Well, that may have been true in his day before the Romantic spirit, which in its ecclesiastical form we call the Oxford Movement, had revealed the beauty of the liturgy, but it could hardly have been justly said of the service this morning at the Abbey. But the sermon! I have since learned that the vicar was ill and that a curate was suddenly called upon to take his place. It would have been far better had there been no sermon at all. The service was enough. I believe it is often enough, and the trouble with us parsons is that we do not know when to stop!

I do not mean after the sermon has begun, but before it! Certainly in this church, had the organist been taken suddenly ill they would not have called on a choir boy to play the organ, nor should that curate have been allowed to fret the congregation as he did. Well, it had one merit, it was but ten minutes long.

As I walked away I was joined by a man whom I had noticed at the hotel. He abruptly remarked: "Beastly sermon!" Well, "dog will not eat dog," so I only said: "Did you think so?"

"I should say I did. I call it a disgrace to allow such an exhibition. Damn lazy beggar, he didn't even get his text right. I wonder if there is any other profession in which such incompetence would be tolerated? I do not know what his stipend may be, I only know he is grossly overpaid no matter how small it may be."

There did not seem to be anything to say that would not sound like an anticlimax after such eloquence, so I kept silence, a thing, by the way, an Englishman never resents.

One often hears it said that Englishmen do not care for sermons, but I suspect they like them as much as other people, when they can get them! I have been wondering since if I should have been so much impressed by the girls' hair if there had been more men in the church!

As you know the *Cause Célèbre* is making great

excitement here as all over the world—perhaps more here. As the judges were expected to give their decision yesterday, I hurried to the railway station early this morning to get a Sunday paper. But there are no such things! Did you know that? It seems incredible that the result of this portentous trial is known all over the world except a hundred miles from the spot where the verdict was given. But it is so!

In the evening I attended service at the little church near the hotel—Ruth's day off lasting into the evening! Not that I am surprised. We parsons work off the nervous strain in the act of preaching and forget that the family has the strain without the relief! At any rate, that is the way with Ruth. I think she expects each Sunday that I shall come, what the English call a "cropper," so I am glad when she can be induced to rest on the Lord's Day. But, on the other hand, a parson is like an actor, of whom I have heard it said that if he gets a night "off" he goes to some other theatre! Well, apart from its religious influence, which I trust was not altogether lacking, I am glad I went to this church, for reasons I will now explain.

When the time for the notices came, the parson, with more hesitations and swallowings than I can describe, said: "My brethren, at this morning's service (ahem) I reminded you that a trial in

which the whole world is interested, (swallow) and in which questions of the most momentous importance were to be decided, (ahem) was being held, (ahem) and I suggested (swallow) that it would be well, if in your private prayers, (ahem) you would ask that the judges might be guided to a right judgment. Since then, however, (a fearful swallow) I have been informed that a private telegram (ahem) has been received, by a person present at this morning's service, saying (ahem) that the judgment had been rendered yesterday. Possibly (ahem) it may seem to some of you (swallow) that prayers offered after an event (ahem) could in no wise affect that (swallow) event (swallow) and (ahem) were therefore quite futile. But while this is (ahem) a not unnatural, it is (swallow) a hasty conclusion. It may be that they will not immediately (ahem) effect a reversal of a judgment which, I am sure we all feel, was wrong. But even if that should not be the result, who can put a limit to the Divine Omnipotence? I do not believe those prayers were in vain—I do not believe any prayers are in vain. I believe that in ways we cannot foresee, God will bring good out of evil."

You will note how, when he got on his own ground of personal experience, his confidence increased and his hesitations ceased. Illogical as it all sounds when it is put down in "cold" type, I

could not but admire the man's courage in sticking to his guns. And I suspect he had laid hold of a great truth which he could not quite swing—as who could?—and shall watch this case with new interest to see if public opinion (which somehow we dissociate from the influence of God's Spirit) does not compel the court to do justice in spite of all.

I suppose there must have been a sermon, but I cannot remember anything about it. I had enough to think of in meditating on the notice! I wonder how often this is the case!

On returning to the hotel I went into the smoking-room for a final pipe. There were three other men there, evidently "gentry"—you know the type and also the oppressive silence of such places. One would have supposed that no one of them had ever seen the other! For a long time no one spoke. Finally one of them said:

"That was an extraordinary remark of the parson's this morning, asking the congregation to ask in their prayers that the French judges might be led to a right judgment, when many of us knew they had already rendered their decision!"

The silence which followed was so long that I thought the others did not wish to be drawn into a discussion on such a subject. But I was mistaken. One of them, when he "got good and

ready," as they used to say in the part of the country I know best, expressed himself as follows:

"It was worse than futile, it was highly improper. I felt incensed! I should never dream of praying for the damned scoundrels—I should consider it almost blasphemous."

Another long silence, and then he continued: "Moreover, I resent any attempt on the part of a parson to dictate to me what I should or should not pray for. I consider such things entirely private between me and my Maker. His advice was an infringement of personal liberty, and I highly resent it."

As no one spoke for a little space, I had time to rejoice in this exhibition of sturdy Protestant independence, but finally the silent member of the party spoke:

"I am thankful to say," he remarked, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, "that I was not present. My wife told me about it, and I said to her: 'My dear, this only illustrates what I have said more than once, that the clergy never intrude into politics without making damn fools of themselves.'"

I fled and sought for Ruth! At length I found her sitting in the drawing-room with three ladies —probably the wives of the smokers. She did not see me, and this is what I heard:

First Lady: "Do you mean to say you *like* to live in America?"

Ruth: "Yes, very much."

First Lady: "But do you not have a great deal of lynching there?"

Ruth (*confusedly*): "I am sorry to say we do have a good deal."

Second Lady: "What is lynching?"

First Lady: "Why, if a man is unpopular in a community, the leading people drag him away to a convenient tree and hang him. Sometimes they burn him. Shocking, is it not?"

Second Lady: "It would be shocking as a regular thing, but I confess it seems to me a most admirable custom for certain occasions, and I should be glad if it were brought over with other American inventions that we have found so convenient. Think what it would mean to wake up to-morrow and learn that Lloyd George had been hanged in the night!"

Third Lady (*vindictively*): "Yes, and better still, the whole Liberal cabinet."

Second Lady: "Oh, that would be more than one could hope for."

First Lady (*whose humanitarianism seems to have been poisoned by party politics, but is trying to prevent a Reign of Terror in England*): "Surely you would except John Burns?"

Third Lady: "Perhaps I should. I sometimes think that he has really repented, and that now his face is set toward the light."

At that moment Ruth turned and caught my

eye. She followed me out of the room and, though choking with laughter, said: "I would give a good deal if you had not overheard that conversation!"

"Wouldn't have missed it for worlds," I replied. "I have another picture to hang beside it, and I shall call them 'Church and State!'"

XXXII

THE CHAPLAIN TO THE QUEEN

Our journey led us now to Chester, whence we started on a little trip through Northern Wales. I was not very keen for it, for I feared it might prove too "post-cardy!" But it did not.

If your memory fails you, you may turn again to your "Baedeker," for I do not intend to bore you with descriptions of scenery.

At Betts-y-Coed we stopped at the "Waterloo," and took as many photos of the brawling brook as Mr. Pecksniff's pupils made elevations of Salisbury Cathedral.

But far more interesting to me than any landscape was the porter of the hotel—John. You recall Oliver Wendell Holmes's description of the "Two Voices"—if not look it up in your "Auto-

crat," mine is in the trunk at Chester. One of these voices, I remember, was that of a German chambermaid in a hotel at Buffalo, and the other —I have forgotten where! Well, John's voice is more beautiful than theirs, I am sure. Indeed, I think it the most beautiful speaking voice I have ever heard—as more musical than the English voice than that is more musical than the Philadelphian's—at which you never tire of girding! The *timbre* is exquisite, and there is a caressing quality in it which belongs to the Celt alone. Motorists, dusty, tired, hungry, and cross drove up hour after hour, and John's greeting was as comfortable as a warm bath. And when I say bath, I mean a wallow in a tub and not a wash in a tin basin—but I forgot. Ruth asked me not to mention "baths" again until we passed Sandy Hook. I do not know why. Perhaps you do?

What is it makes the Celt so much more lovable than the Saxon? Some of their qualities are not sterling. Some of them are not quite honest in small matters, and their standard of truth is not ours. They used to tell us in the seminary that the elder brother in the parable stood for the Jew, and the prodigal for the Gentile. Why does not some man who does not wish to be a bishop or to go to the General Convention, say that they are types of the Saxon and the Celt? It has the

advantage of a "modern instance," and is probably quite as true!

At any rate, it is the Celt who is lovable, though the Saxon may be admirable. Well, perhaps that means that the Saxon has arrived, and that the future belongs to the Celt. This, at any rate, is my feeling as I think of the Welsh. Perhaps my feelings may undergo a change when I cross to Ireland! In the meantime, I am sure the Welshman would object to be called a prodigal, as who would not!

The average American returns from England declaring that the climate is wretched, and I have often shared that opinion myself, but, after all, where can one enjoy the twilight as in the British Isles? We do not know what it means, at home. But here from eight to ten in the evening is the most enjoyable part of the day. We were sitting in the garden of the hotel in this pleasant time, I smoking and Ruth thinking—I wonder of what? There was a far-away look in her eyes—when a man came out of the dining-room and settled himself in one of the basket chairs on the lawn, not far from us and, drawing out a dainty case, lit a small cigar, whose aroma floated to us. I glanced at him indifferently, but when Ruth said, "That is an interesting face," looked at him more carefully. He was evidently a clergyman, but his dress was not that of the conventional

parson, with the rigid "dog collar." He wore a waistcoat which buttoned to the throat, but was open enough to show a lawn cravat and a shirt of fine linen, which softened his somewhat formal costume. He looked not unlike the portrait of Dean Stanley which hangs in your study, and evidently belonged to the same period or a little later. His face showed breeding and was one that would attract attention. It lacked, however, the high intelligence of Stanley, being rather weak—indeed almost self-indulgent—in a refined way. Suddenly I recalled him. It was the Rev. Henry Waitland, rector of a fashionable West-end "Chapel of Ease." I had last seen him when I was in college, at one of John Ropes's Sunday dinners. I remembered that I had been told that he was a well-known man in London, a friend of Ellen Terry's and other celebrities. Indeed, he had the reputation of being more interested in the drama than in divinity! I thought it might please Ruth to meet him, so I strolled over and introduced myself, reminding him of our last meeting.

He was polite, but not enthusiastic. Indeed I was reminded of the remark of the "con man" on the steamer! However, when he caught a glimpse of Ruth, and learned she was my wife, he seemed to think better of us, and asked to be presented.

When we had talked a little about Boston and he found that Ruth knew the right people, he thawed out and began to talk about London and the distinguished people he had known. It was most interesting to hear about the people one knew from books and get the impressions of an eye-witness.

Ruth asked him what a "Queen's chaplain" was? He laughed and said it was a man who had to leave his own congregation and go to Windsor to preach before the Queen whenever "commanded." Ruth remarked that she should think that would be a bore. But he said it was an honor. This sounded like a snub, but was evidently intended only as a statement of fact.

"Still," he added, "I will not deny that it is sometimes inconvenient. For instance: A few years ago I was summoned to preach the Easter sermon before her Majesty, and would much have preferred to stop at home for that day. However, I went to Windsor, and found that my old friend Ponsonby was to take the service, but as I was to preach he suggested that I read the gospel. But imagine my surprise when, instead of saying the collect for Easter, he said a collect which for the life of me I could not recall, or rather could not tell to what Sunday it belonged! You may imagine my embarrassment! I said to myself: 'Whatever shall I do? Shall I read the

Gospel for Easter, or shall I match Ponsonby?' It seemed the decent thing to stand by him, but then I said to myself, 'How *can* I match Ponsonby, when I don't know this minute what Epistle he is now reading?' And then I said to myself: 'You have nothing to do with Ponsonby. You have been commanded to preach before her Majesty on Easter Day, and your business is to read the service appointed for that day!' And that is what I did.

"After service the Queen sent for me, and after saying a few pleasant things, added: 'I was both astonished and annoyed that Mr. Ponsonby should not have read the Collect for Easter.' I didn't want to be unfair to Ponsonby, but I said: 'You may imagine my feeling, ma'am, when I heard a collect for I did not know what day, and though I said to myself "Shall I match Ponsonby?" I did think it best to read the collect appointed for the day.'

"'You were quite right,' said the Queen, 'and I shall tell Mr. Ponsonby how much I dislike any deviation from the appointed service.'

"So you see," he added, "that honors have their burdens."

Now I ask you, has Trollope any clerical story to equal this?

XXXIII

THE RETIRED COLONEL

We took many lovely drives, using Betts-y-Coed as a centre, but as you have done it all on foot you will not want to listen to my raptures, so I will again tell you about the people I met.

I had not cared to go to Llandudno, for it is the paradise of trippers, but John the porter told me we ought not to miss it, so thither we went. The sands were a sight never to be forgotten. Hundreds of children were on the beach, the little ones laboriously building houses, forts, and even towns—all of which the lapping sea soon licked up. "Vanity of vanities," saith the preacher. But the preacher knew nothing of children, else he would have said they were the only wise ones. Their play is not "vanity," it is when men lose the sense of proportion, and act as if things "seen" are eternal, that vanity eats out the heart. These children were wise. They knew their labor was but for a moment, and therefore did not weep, but rather laughed, when the tongue of the sea touched their work and it was gone. However you do not care to hear me moralize!

Surely no more beautiful children can be found in the world than these English children. They may lack the vivacity of French and American

children, but, on the other hand, they are free from the self-consciousness of the one and the febrile nervousness of the other. They are superb little animals, which is what a child ought to be. Those that I saw on the sands—and I suppose it is generally true—had the supreme animal virtue, which is obedience. The babies obeyed the nurses, the "middle-sized bears" obeyed the "big bears," and all obeyed—not as with us—the mother, but the father. For it is the man who is the supreme court in England. One never hears the familiar "Well, ask your mother!" And the result is a well-organized feudal society, in which there is far more happiness than in many of the so-called democratic, but really anarchistic, families that you and I could name. In short, the family is a microcosm of that larger life in which, some day, the children are to take their places.

When I imparted these reflections to Ruth, she said: "You have missed the best."

"And what might that be, Madame Philosopher?" said I.

"If you had not set up to be a philosopher, yourself," she pertly remarked, "you would have seen the obvious, which so many philosophers overlook. It is the hair and the eyes of these children that makes them so beautiful. Did you ever see such hair as these girls have? It floats

in the air like the corn-silk on an Indiana farm! And look at the eyes of the boys; they are not blue as we count blueness, but real blue, like the delphinium. I wonder if the English reputation for truthfulness above other nations is not in part due to the prevailing blue eyes? Who could doubt anything that angel were to say?"

I looked at the "angel" in question, and laughed heartily at this attempt to imitate Taine!

The people on the sands were not trippers. Those hung round the shops and the booths, where, for a penny, one might take a shy at "Aunt Sally." Or, if they came to the sands at all, gathered in shrieking groups about the "niggers," men blacked up, indeed, but whose yellow hair and blue eyes made disguise as impossible as did their cockney accent. Why is it, I wonder, that all people think they can imitate negroes? I once saw a minstrel show given by Chinamen, and, I assure you, it was scarcely more grotesque than these "niggers" on the sands.

No, my friends were not such as these. They were what Matthew Arnold, in his supercilious way, called "Philistines." But I miss my guess if, should a great crisis arise, the "culture" of England will not be saved, if saved it is, by these same Philistines, even as David of old was saved by the bearers of the name from the tyranny of Saul! "The submerged tenth," in England, as

elsewhere, is green or rotten; the upper classes are over-ripe; it is the great middle class, without charm or culture, which will show what England's heart is, when the great struggle comes.

"But," you will say, "what struggle? Only a little while ago you were writing that you thought all this talk about war was nothing but what you elegantly called 'fluff,' and now you write as if an ultimatum from one of the great powers was imminent. What has happened to change your tune?"

In reply, I can only say "Nothing tangible." But there is a tension which one comes gradually to feel. For instance, the German contempt and hatred of England is too well known to call for comment. It is like what my father told me our Southern friends felt about the North in the days before the outbreak of war, and which he felt had as much to do with secession as did slavery. But few people with us appreciate the feeling in England toward the Germans. Business men are exasperated by Germany's expanding trade—especially in regard to trade-marks—the statesmen, even of the Liberal school, are anxious about the naval activities across the North Sea. But more significant still is the fact that some of the "best-selling" novels and most popular plays are picturing the invasion of England by Germany. This, of course, appeals most strongly to the

Jingoes, but even such a respectable—if semi-chauvinistic—paper as the *Spectator* is solemnly discussing an "amicable" division of the "backward" world—including Brazil, to which, said the writer—it was a leading article—"we should have no objection." Shades of Monroe! And yet, while they do not seem to think we should have any voice in the partition of the world, they are apparently convinced that we must feel about the mother country as Canada does. The truth is, the people of England have never recognized the independence of the United States! That is to say, they cannot believe that we do not regret the Revolution as sincerely as they now do, and that, were it possible, we should be glad to enter into a closer political association with them. In other words, while the fact of our independence must be assumed by the two governments, our sentiments must be colonial!

A few days ago I was talking with a retired colonel, who is convinced that war may break out any day, and he said to me: "I suppose if the old country had her back to the wall you would come to her help?"

I answered: "I do not think you could count on it. It would depend a good deal on the cause of the quarrel. There was a strong feeling against England during the Boer War, and there are thousands of Americans of pure British stock

who do not think that Ireland has had a fair deal."

He looked at me for a moment as if he could not credit his ears, and then simply said: "My G—d!"

Had I known how deeply it would wound him, I would not have spoken. Certainly the thought of war between us and England is too horrible to put into words, and I dare say if there were a possibility of England's being crushed by a world power the superficial differences would be swept away like the sand-forts of the children, and deep would call to deep as it was recognized that the two peoples share a common ideal, and that it must be defended for the good of mankind. You know how I feel about war, yet I confess that should there be a righteous war in which England and America fought side by side it might not only remove the petty misunderstandings of the past but also lead to an abiding peace in the future. If only England could see that the Irish question is an American question!

Meanwhile, I wish the *Times* would let Germany alone, and English travellers let us alone for a while!

Dr. Weir Mitchell once told me that he had a patient—a policeman from somewhere in the Jerseys—Newark, I think—who was a victim of an *idée fixe*. He asked him if he had ever been

bitten by a mosquito? The man, with a wan smile, said: "What do you think?"

"Very good," said Dr. Mitchell. "When you let it alone it soon ceased to trouble you, but if you scratched it it festered, and you had a hard time. *You must quit scratching this thought!*"

But what was the poor fellow to do if every passer-by scratched it?

XXXIV

A PROBLEM IN CASUISTRY

Well, we now have the Celt with a vengeance! Cork is the most detestable place I ever saw. Such drunkenness, filth, and squalor I never dreamed possible outside of China! Ardent Home Ruler as I am, I can now understand the Ulsterman's fear and hatred of a rule that might turn Belfast into such a dunghill! You will say, and no doubt you are right, that this shows a lack of faith, and that thrift drives out filth. But sometimes it works the other way. At any rate, one cannot wonder that the Ulsterman should think that not faith like a mustard-seed, but like a mountain, would be needed to enable a man to believe that Protestant Ulster can be benefited by an alliance with Dublin and Cork. However,

this is supposed to be the chronicle of a car and not a new treatise on the Irish Question.

When we were at Chester I bought a "slicker," which the salesman called a "shirt," and by that name it has gone between us ever since. As you may fancy, it has proved a useful article when I tell you that here, "The rain it raineth every day," not all the time, of course, but when one least expects it. The very sun is wet! But when it shines the landscape has the same sweet expression that one sees on the face of a dear little girl who has shed a few tears and is again smiling.

The morning we left Killarney it was not raining like that, but coming down in torrents. Indeed we were the only travellers who faced the storm. A good part of the company assembled on the porch to see us start. The hood was up, so that Ruth could not see me as I went to the rear of the motor to see if the chains were tight, but, ever solicitous of my welfare, she called out in an agonized tone: "John, have you got your shirt on?"

To which I replied: "I am not sure. I slept in it, but whether I put it on again after my bath, I can't remember!"

You never saw a crowd melt away so suddenly! One lady ejaculated "Fancy!" and one man laughed and waited to wave us farewell. He, I had been told, was a duke. I do not know if it

were true. In Ireland one is never quite sure what is true. And, what is worse, or better, if you feel that way, I am unable to tell a duke from the commonalty!

Ruth says there is nothing funny in this story, and that I acted as if I lived on Second Avenue! Well, I can't tell. It made a duke laugh—if he were a duke—and that is no small feat!

The atmosphere soon showed the Celtic temperament. Or is it the other way about, and is temperament a natural reaction to atmosphere? At any rate the sun soon shone fair and warm, and the conditions for motoring would have been perfect had the roads been better. Unfortunately not only is the surface bad, but the roads are very narrow—a new danger—of which we were soon to have experience.

We were running along at a fair gait—Ruth says racing!—when suddenly, at a turn in the road I found myself under the feet of a team of horses, which loomed up like elephants. It was too late to turn, so I acted automatically, certainly without conscious volition, and threw the car into a hedge. It was a stout one, and the car rose like a hunter and came to rest on the top, which held it! No, this is not an "Irish" story, only a story of Ireland.

A gentleman was walking across the field and ran to our assistance. Gallant Irishman that he

was he asked no questions, but assisted Ruth to descend. She was deathly pale, but, I am proud to say, neither screamed nor indeed spoke. Some laborers gathered and helped to drag the car back onto the road, none the worse, so far as I could see, for its strange adventure, save for a few scratches.

I now turned my attention to the driver of the cart, who all this time had remained upon his high perch, gazing at our efforts like a god upon Olympus, "careless of mankind."

"My friend," I began, in as quiet a voice as I could control, "that came near being a nasty accident."

"It did that, your honor."

"You came near having both those horses killed."

"That would have cost your honor a pretty penny, for the likes of them can't be found in the county. Sure the gentleman standin' there will tell you they took the first prize at Dublin not a year ago."

"Well, you are pretty cool about it. The lady might have been killed, too."

"That would have been a pity, for it's a sweet face she has. I was wondering she'd risk her life with you."

"Risk her life with me! Why, you impudent fellow," I cried, being by this time thoroughly

angry, "the fault was all yours. You were on the wrong side of the road."

"Well, as for that, your honor," replied this incorrigible fellow, "this road's that narrer, *it ain't properly got two sides!*"

I could think of nothing better to say than that I would report him to the police in the next town, and took the name of the owner of the cart, which was painted in large letters on the side. I did stop and report the matter to a policeman who was directing the traffic in a town near by. He was sympathetic, and said:

"I know that man well, and the next time he comes to market, I will *represent him to himself!*" This was all the satisfaction I got. Indeed, I suspect it is as much as could be expected in Ireland. After all, it was worth something to increase one's stock of phrases. To represent a man to himself is no small feat!

A little later I got from Ruth a new light on Irish veracity—or rather, lack of it. She says it arises from no evil motive, but, on the contrary, from kindness of heart! This, she added, makes it different from any other lying in the world. This moral, or immoral, dictum was called forth by the following: I had lost my way—no uncommon experience—and stopped at a hovel to inquire the way. In answer to my call a veritable giant appeared. I asked if the road

we were on would bring us to Blarney Castle? After a moment's hesitation he said it would. Not feeling sure he knew, I asked again if there was any turning I must take? But he said: "No, keep straight on this road and it will bring you there."

There was something in the man's face that led me to think he could not be an ordinary peasant, and therefore I asked him if he lived there?

"I was born here," he replied, rather defiantly. "But I've been living in Australia for the past seven years, and have now come back to see the old people."

I said to myself that, unlike most Irishmen when they migrate, he had not bettered himself. As if he read my thought, as perhaps he did, he added, with a glance at his old and torn clothing: "I've better clothes than these, but why would I be wearing them to shame the neighbors!"

Could Sir Philip Sidney have said anything finer?

"Well," I said, as I started the motor, "when I next come here you'll have Home Rule!"

At that the man's whole face lighted up, and he cried: "Glory be to God, ye're a prophet! What's your name?" When I answered "Dobson," without a moment's hesitation he exclaimed: "I've heerd of you!"

I laughed and said: "I see you've kissed the Blarney stone yourself."

But there was no jocular reply. The thing was too serious for that. The man was inflamed. Why cannot the English appreciate that the love of nationality is inextinguishable?

The rain began again and fell persistently and we slithered on our way. It's a long lane that has no turning, and this was one, though it did nothing but turn. Always it was leading to the right, though I *felt* it should lead straight on or else bear to the left.

Finally we came to a highway that somehow looked familiar, and before we had gone a mile farther, I found that we were where we had started from an hour before! There was the wretched hovel where the giant dwelt, and a vigorous shout brought him to the door.

"See here, my friend," I cried, "what did you mean by telling me that that road would lead to Blarney Castle? I have kept on it all the time, and it has brought me back here."

"Now ain't that a shame? I never thought such a thing would happen to you. Now I'll tell you God's truth. You was clean out of your way when you was last here. You ought to have left the road you are on this minute as much as seven miles back. And when you asked me if yonder road would lead to Blarney Castle, and I looked at the lovely face of the lady, and she lookin'

tired, too, I hadn't the heart to tell you you must turn back. I thought when you got on this road again ye would have turned the other way, and not have lost so much anyway. And how was I to know you wouldn't meet a man who wouldn't mind telling bad news, and who would set you on your way? But as for me, I hadn't the heart to do it!"

And that's what Ruth calls "lying from a kind heart!" A cynic might suggest that the "lovely lady" had something to do with this charitable if immoral dictum!

Well, there was nothing to do but to turn back and drive for the third time over a road I had come to hate. About seven miles back we found the proper turning, and, after much splashing, came to Blarney Castle.

I did not kiss the stone, for I had no desire to get a water-spout down the back of my neck by leaning out of the window—as you may remember one must do—to perform the feat. Indeed I thought there was force in Lord Chesterfield's advice to his son, when he said he intended to go down into a coal-mine:

"What for?" asked the noble lord.

"Why, to say I have been down one!"

"Why not say it?" he replied.

Indeed I am inclined to think that is what a good many people have done at Blarney!

XXXV

A DAY OF TROUBLE AND DISTRESS

WHETHER because I did not kiss the Blarney stone, or for some other reason, the next day was one of trouble and distress. Indeed, it came near being our last day. For several days I had noticed that the self-starter was not working well. Several times it had failed to catch and required a good deal of coaxing. I could not understand it, for it was not yet three weeks since I had filled the batteries with water, which, I had been told, was all that was necessary to insure its functioning. I thought that possibly the damp weather had affected the electrical current, and could only hope that with clearing weather there would be no further trouble. But at the next stop the little engine refused to act at all, and I had to unpack the handle and crank, which is an exercise good for neither the back nor the temper!

A little later we came to a road which branched from the highway to the left, and Ruth, who had charge of the map, called out: "To the right." I leave it to you: would not you have thought that meant to *turn* somewhere? If not, why not say: "Keep straight on." At any rate, I turned sharp into the left-hand road, only to find that we were in a *cul-de-sac*. Turning was impossible,

so I kept on, wondering why Ruth, who must have known how tired I was, should have driven me into such a place!

Finally, we came to a gate, and as I did not dare leave the car lest it stall—we were on an incline which tipped the car back and made cranking difficult—I asked Ruth to get out and open the gate. I saw that just beyond there was a place where, with great care the car might be turned, but where the chances of stalling were great. Still, I thought, if I could keep the car going I might manage it. I called to Ruth not to get in and began slowly to turn. The road was just the width of the wheels, with a bog on each side. Looking up I saw a huge dog lying in the way. It was as ugly a looking brute as one would wish to see, even if it was chained. I blew the horn. It did not stir. Then, to my horror, I saw Ruth, who is more afraid of a dog than I am of a cat, which is saying a good deal, seize the brute by the tail and begin to drag it out of the way! I turned sick with terror, and, under the nervous strain, did what I have not done since I was in college—*swore*. "Damnation," I cried, "turn that dog loose!" And Ruth, equally excited, answered in a fine frenzy: "I would pull him if he were a mad bull!"

Fortunately, the dog made no resistance, and the car was safely turned. Had it stalled, I do

not know what I should have done, for I was "all in."

One would have thought this was enough for one day, but worse was yet to come. About an hour later we came to a railway crossing. All the level crossings are not on Long Island! There are several in Ireland! This one was kept by a woman, with, I think, the saddest face I ever saw. She opened the gate and thanked me for the sixpence I handed her, but neither smiled nor spoke.

We passed onto the track and, probably because I was so tired and was driving carelessly, we stalled. I was about to get out to crank when the woman appeared at my side, and said, so quietly that Ruth could not hear: "It would maybe be better if the lady got out. The Dublin express is due round the curve at any minute!" Could anything have been more considerate? Had she screamed, I fear I should have been so unnerved that we should have been lost.

At that moment the engine of the approaching train gave a shriek and I could feel the rails vibrate. My blood turned to water. We were pinned under the hood, and escape seemed impossible. Almost without knowing what I was doing, I stamped on the pedal of the self-starter, and—I say it reverently—by the mercy of God it caught, and we slid off the track as the express thundered by!

The rushing wind nearly blew us out of the motor. There could not have been a yard between us and the train. I looked at Ruth. She was as pale as death, but spoke no word. You may be sure I did not forget a thank-offering to the poor gatekeeper, who was white with terror.

As we went on our way I said to myself: "If ever we reach an inn in safety, I will give the car away. The impudent driver who said he wondered Ruth would risk her life with me was right."

But it was long before we reached an inn, for I lost my way! This time it was not Ruth's fault. She was probably so shaken that she could not see the way; at any rate she gave me the wrong road, and we wandered over the hills until we were nearly distracted. When we reached Ross late at night you may believe neither of us had much appetite for the greasy supper which was set before us.

Suddenly, without a word of warning, Ruth put her head down on the table and burst into tears! It was so unlike her that I was dreadfully frightened. I got her to bed and put a hot-water bottle to her feet, and sat by her till she was more quiet, and then went outside in the rain to smoke a pipe, and "represent myself to myself." When I had flagellated myself for all my ill temper, and returned thanks for the mercies of the day, I too went to bed, but not to sleep for many an

hour. When at last I did fall asleep, it was only to dream of a huge dog, rushing down a railroad track, whistling like a locomotive and breathing streams of fire from his mouth. It doesn't take a Freud to interpret that dream!

In spite of my troubled night, or perhaps in consequence of it, I woke early. The sun was streaming into my bedroom as if to say: "Sluggard, arise. I was only fooling yesterday when I pretended that Ireland had a rainy climate. To-day is like Italy, and even the dirty streets of Ross are beautiful!"

My mind was quickly made up, and as soon as I was dressed I made my way to the station and found that I could ship the motor to Dublin on a flat car and that it would be delivered to us there the next morning. So I returned to the garage and drove to the station, feeling not unlike Tartarin, when he sold the *chameau* for a ticket in the diligence, which, Daudet remarks, is not a bad use to make of a camel!

Ruth was more relieved, I am sure, than she cared to show, when she learned that she might have a quiet morning in bed and take the train for Dublin in the afternoon.

As we entered the dining-room of the Shelburne that evening, whom should we meet but the Hodges? This was a joy to Ruth, who, I knew, would find rest in telling her story to her

sympathetic friend Anne, and a satisfaction to me, for I knew there was nothing about motors hid from her husband, the professor. Indeed, it was he who had advised me to buy a Frontenac, though he himself is "a man who owns one," and was driving his big Packard, with comfort and pride.

When he had recovered from his hilarity over my experiences, he said that next morning we would look over the car and find the trouble with the self-starter, while Ruth and Anne were shopping for linen and laces.

The car was ready for us when we arrived at the Goods station, next morning, and we drove to the garage for a consultation.

There seemed to be nothing wrong with the engine, nor with the connections, but, when we examined the batteries, we found that they had run down! I explained that I had filled them myself not two weeks ago, but when the professor saw that I had failed to note the date on the little card for that purpose, it was evident that he was sceptical. Well, there was nothing more to do but to have the batteries charged again, and as the man of the garage seemed to be a capable fellow, I hoped I should have no more trouble.

We spent two pleasant days in Dublin, saw where Lord Frederick Cavendish had been murdered—this is not mentioned as one of the pleasures!

And then went to the cathedral and thought of the savage old dean whom Thackeray has so wonderfully described—perhaps the best of all his portraits—then to Trinity College, where I confess, Charles O'Malley was more real to me than some of the scholars who have made illustrious that ancient seat of learning.

The professor is not "sound" on Irish politics, but when we went to Dublin Castle and saw some of the young men whom England sends to govern the most imaginative people on earth, even he had to admit that things might be improved! Supercilious good manners in an atmosphere of boredom is not the best means for impressing the Irish with the intelligence, nor even with the justice, of England.

The weather was again "set fair," so that we left Ireland in a blaze of glory. The Hodges were on their way to the Giant's Causeway. But when I told them they would find the roads bad, the professor remarked that no doubt all the roads were bad in the south, and that when Home Rule went into effect those of the north would be equally so, but that while the Union Jack floated over Belfast, and the Protestant religion was still a power, he had no fear! So we parted—perhaps it was time!

We crossed to Holyhead, and, the car running like a witch, it was not long before we reached

the Waterloo, where John greeted us as if he had not thought of any one else since we were last there!

XXXVI

"ONE EVERY MINUTE"

The self-starter is again out of order! I found it cheaper to pay an odd man a shilling each time I wanted to crank than to break my back, which is what I did on our way to Barchester.

When we reached the hotel there, how different was our reception from that which John had accorded us at the Waterloo! The strictly polite and equally indifferent young woman at the desk seemed to think it rather a bore to have us return to them! I hear there is an old coaching inn in that town where they receive one as a friend, and if I ever return to that ancient city I shall go there.

I took the car to the garage and asked the man in charge if he thought he could find the trouble. He said the battery was run down! Instead of saying what I thought, I politely remarked that that could hardly be as I had it charged less than a week before in Dublin.

"Dublin!" he exclaimed contemptuously.

Well, there was nothing to do but to have it charged again—you know they do not perform

this service for nothing—and write to the Frontenac Co., in London, telling them what I thought of this invention which was to "revolutionize motoring."

Their answer was what was to have been expected. "Mine was the first complaint they had received. Of course it was impossible to express an opinion as to the cause of the trouble till they had examined the car in their own shops in London, etc." There was a postscript, in which the writer suggested that I might have misused the car and ruined the mechanism, in which case it would be necessary to install a new generator at a cost of about three hundred dollars!

This struck me as humorous, for by this time I was convinced that the chauffeur in London who had said that all changes on American cars were not improvements was right. How I wished I had one of those well-balanced foreign cars, which start with a half turn of the handle, instead of one of these new-fangled "Yankee notions," which promise so much and are out of order half the time!

I was rather low in my mind as we sat in the garden after dinner and discussed our plans. Should we go on to Scotland, as we had intended, or should we sell the car for what it would bring, and buy an English one, or should we give up and go on the Continent and travel like other folk?

Ruth cried out at the thought of selling the car: "Why, I love it," she cried, and could not bear the thought of giving it up. "Surely when the agent sees it he will be able to find the trouble —it really may be something very simple, after all."

"If it were simple," I gloomily replied, "the professor would have discovered it. He knows all there is to know about a motor."

"No," she answered, "it does not follow. You know how often you have said the great specialists are so anxious to find some abnormal disease that they often overlook the most common explanation. It may be the same now."

Well, there was nothing that could be done till we reached London, and thither we planned to start the next morning, or as soon as the car was charged.

To cheer me up Ruth now told me of her conversation in this same garden with the typical John Bull, of which she said she had written you. While I was feebly smiling—I was still too unhappy to laugh—a telegram was brought me which had Ruth's name in full, so it evidently was intended I should not open it even in her absence.

When she had read it, she said: "What do you think? This is from Maud, saying she will be here in the morning, and asking me to wait for

her as she wishes to see me on a matter of importance. Would you mind starting without us and let me follow by train and meet you in London?"

I have my faults as a husband, but I believe Ruth will testify that I am not one of those who insist upon knowing what their wives have in mind when they are not telling "the whole truth"! So I said: "Of course not." And so it was arranged.

I did ask if she would like me to make a late start so as to be here when her sister arrived. But she said I must not think of it. So then I saw I was to know nothing, and that it would conduce to the greatest happiness of the greatest number if I left as soon as possible.

Fortunately for me, the battery was not in process of being charged, for the man said he did not know there was any hurry! So I was able to make an early start. I cut across lots and made straight for Banbury, where I stopped at the same inn which had so charmed me on a previous visit, an inn which would have charmed —perhaps did charm—Dickens. The next day I went again through Oxford, and so to London, entering on the west side, which I had learned was the easiest of the many gates to enter.

When I reached the garage of the Frontenac Co., the manager listened to my tale of woe

with patience, but, when I said I had bought that particular make of car because I had been assured by the salesman that it was warranted "fool proof," dryly remarked that every warrant had a limit, and reminded me that one was "born every minute." I could not find a suitable reply, and so left the car with him, promising to return the next day.

By way of distraction I went that night to one of the great music-halls, which proved to be a kind of glorified "Keith's."

Sarah Bernhardt was the attraction, but not to me! There was nothing left, it seemed to me, but the mannerisms of the second empire, and I was glad when she left the stage. Had there been nothing else—such as acrobats and performing dogs, both of which I delight in—it would have been worth the price of admission to see Chevallier alone. He was inimitable.

It would pay the trustees of a theological seminary to import him to give "The Charity Bazaar" before the class in pastoral theology! It was the most disgusting picture of the sycophantic priestly you ever saw. The people screamed with laughter—let us hope because it was a caricature and that they had never seen the original.

"The Vicar," dressed in the latest cry in "clericals," is supposed to be receiving the guests at a Charity Bazaar. His insolence to the poor, his

failure to "see" the unholy dissenters, his cringing to the prosperous and his *crawling* before the duchess, who was the last to arrive, filled me with such shame that I had to shake myself to remember that it was acting, and that I was not called upon to make any remarks! If ever again you see me worshipping the Golden Calf, please show me this letter! It was a positive relief when the performing dogs came on the stage.

When I repaired to the garage next day, the manager said he could find nothing wrong with the car. The only trouble was that I had let the battery run down. I sarcastically remarked that he was mistaken; I had not let the battery run down, it had run down of itself, and that that was the best thing it did, that the battery had now been charged three times in two weeks. He said that the local garages were often careless about such matters, but that I should now find that it was all right. When I tried it I found that it functioned well, but as I could not start without Ruth, from whom I had heard nothing since leaving Barchester, I decided to leave the car in his care for another day at least.

When I took my place at the driver's seat next day, I insisted that the manager should be present before I tested the car again. So he was sent for. I took my place and pressed the button. "Nothing doing." The manager suggested that

the damp weather might have affected the current, and asked me to try again. This I did, with the same result as before. Then the manager tried, but it simply would not work.

"What do *you* think is the matter?" I said to the foreman, who, like the manager, is an American.

He laconically replied: "You may search me."

The manager said nothing and I viciously remarked: "Perhaps the battery has run down. Some of these garages are so careless!"

He started to say something, and then evidently thought better of it. After a moment he said: "Well, I simply do not understand it. You saw for yourself that it worked perfectly two days ago?"

"Yes," I said, "it always works 'perfectly' immediately after charging, but forty-eight hours later is 'dead.' The truth is the thing is a failure."

"There will not be an American car on the market next year without one. They all follow the lead of the 'Frontenac,'" he indignantly replied.

"This one will not lead them far," I said, being by this time thoroughly disgusted.

"Our chief engineer is in Scotland, but is returning to-morrow. If you will leave the car here I will have him go over it from headlights to

brake, and he will find the difficulty. You say it always runs till forty-eight hours after charging?"

"Yes, that has been my experience."

"How long since you first had this trouble?"

"About three weeks."

"Well, there is evidently nothing mechanically wrong. There is probably a leak which we have not been able to locate, and there the current escapes. If he cannot discover the trouble, I will cable to headquarters at home and we will see if you are right, and the invention is a failure. If you have made such a discovery, I should not like to say how many thousands of dollars the company has lost. But you may be sure the 'Frontenac' will scrap it quicker than they installed it."

I had gone to the "Holland," which Ruth scorns, and I must say that, in my frame of mind at the time, I did not find the voices of my fellow countrymen soothing! A number of people were gathered in the great room under the glass dome, having afternoon tea, when a small boy appeared in the doorway and called out in a shrill voice: "Mummer, pop says can't you get a move on?" Mummer was fat and slow, but she did get the move on, and, what must have been a relief to the rest of the company, her son did the same! I thought with regret of the dear little children

at Llandudno, and wished we might devote a little more time to voice culture. At that moment a page passed through, saying very quietly—so different from our "paging" at home: "Mr. Dobson, if you please; Mr. Dobson, if you please," and when he came opposite where I was sitting, I did "please," and he handed me a telegram. It was from Ruth, saying that she and her sister were at a small hotel in Kensington, and asking me to join them. But of what Ruth told me when I reached there I will tell you after I have finished the story of the self-starter.

Three anxious days passed, and I again presented myself at the garage. I noticed that every one who saw me grinned, which did not make me feel better disposed toward the company. When the manager appeared—he, too, was smiling—I said: "Have you found the trouble?"

"Oh, yes," he said, "the battery had run down."

"So I suppose," I replied, with biting sarcasm. "Have you found the leak?"

"Yes, the engineer found it as soon as we told him that the battery ran down forty-eight hours after charging."

"Will it work now?"

"Like new; would you like to try it?"

"Yes," I replied, but without enthusiasm. But I no sooner pressed the pedal than the cheer-

ful hum which had first attracted me was heard, and the engine began to turn over.

"How do I know that it will work twenty-four hours from now?" I asked.

"You don't, but we will guarantee it, with reasonable care."

"All right," I said. "And now what do I owe you?"

"That depends upon you," said the cheerful manager. "If you will let us publish this story in our trade journal, and sign your name to it, we will gladly remit the bill."

"I don't think I understand," said I, with considerable dignity. "What story?"

"The story of the car that was charged five times in two weeks, and ran down each time forty-eight hours later."

"Well, what of it?"

"This of it. That I suppose it is the first time in the history of motoring, in which *the headlights have been left on for three weeks, burning night and day!*"

Yes, that is what had happened. The weather being continuously rainy in Ireland, I had covered the headlights so snugly that no light seeped through the covers, and then must carelessly have touched the button which lights them, and so had been exhausting the current as fast as it

could be generated! ! ! I paid my bill and kept the story for you!

The manager evidently felt he "owed me one," for, as he handed me the receipt he said: "I am sorry you would not let us have that story to print. I was thinking of calling it 'One Every Minute.'"

XXXVII

ANGLIA OR FRONTENAC?

You will be surprised to learn that the car is on the dock at Tilbury, boxed and waiting for the *Georgic* to sail, and that we are returning on the *Adriatic* in about a week!

"What has happened?" I can imagine you saying. Well, so much has happened that I hardly know where to begin!

What do you suppose Ruth had to tell me when I reached the hotel? Perhaps you have guessed. Yes, our dearest hopes are at length—please God—to be realized.

Ruth had not been quite like herself since the breakdown at Ross, and had written Maud, who at once said there was but one man in the world for her to see—you know what women are about their pet doctors! So, as you already have been

told, Maud hastened to Barchester, I was bundled out of the way, and the two sisters came to town and saw the great man.

"He was perfectly lovely," said Ruth to me, her eyes full of tears.

"How old is he?" I suspiciously asked.

"He looked like papa," said Ruth, and burst into tears.

Well, the important matter is that he told her she was not mistaken but urged her to take great care of herself.

She asked if she might motor?

"It would be better," he replied, for her to "job a brougham," while she was in town, because the taxi men drove so recklessly.

"But what about motoring in the country?"

"With a very careful driver, and on smooth roads I should have no objection to a few miles a day. But, indeed, you cannot be too careful."

When I heard that I turned cold! "A careful driver and smooth roads!" I thought of the hill at Sawley and the sidewalk at Shrewsbury, the "narrer road" in Ireland with the leap to the top of the hedge, and of the railway crossing!

I hurried to the garage and drove the car—not across London this time, but—around it, and came to Tilbury as soon as I could. I was afraid the

car might do us an injury if it were not quickly boxed!

So our journey has come to an unexpected end, and you will have to read no more letters, for we shall be home, I hope, almost as soon as this reaches you. Now that my face is turned homeward I am impatient to arrive. I want to see the dear people and to get to work once more on the noisy old corner. And, above all, I want to drop into the study after working hours—say between eleven and twelve at night, and when the pipes are drawing well, listen to you talk. "No," I can fancy you saying, "you don't want to listen, you want to talk!"

Well, perhaps both! But before I see you I want to make a sort of *Apologia* for the letters I have written you.

I am ashamed to think how flippant they must have seemed. But, indeed, while I dwelt upon the ridiculous side, thinking it might amuse you in your temporary blindness, you will not think so ill of me as to suppose that I am unable to appreciate the most wonderful people in history—bar one! though the best in that one came out of this little island. As the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews might have said: "America was in the loins of England when the foundations of democracy were laid!"

We Americans see the humorous side of the feudal system which survives in the domestic life of England, but no thoughtful man can fail to be filled with admiration for the way England has guarded the "rights of man" far better than they are guarded with us.

The rights of the minority are disregarded with us, but in England it is not so. It is not so much a deliberate spirit of compromise which is the source of England's strength, but rather an automatic arrangement which nature directs toward compensation. Just as—I think I have said this before, but no matter—in a pendulum there are metals of different expanding degrees, so in England the individual is merged in the family to an extent we can hardly imagine, because with us the intense individuality of the people shows itself in the family in such a way that it is a question how long the family can exist. On the other hand, in England, when the individual does emerge from the family, he becomes far more of a political personality than with us.

Then see how much we have to learn from them in the matter of education. I have no doubt our public schools are superior to the English board schools. But when it comes to the education of those who ought to be the leaders of the people, we cannot compare with them. Boys sent to

Winchester, Eton, Harrow, Rugby and other great "public" schools may not have the variety of studies of which our boys get a smattering, but how much better are their minds trained than are our boys'! There is a popular outcry just now about the time wasted on the "dead" languages. But it is forgotten that, apart from the benefit that comes from knowing the best that the ancient world thought, the public school man has learned to use his Greek and Latin as "top dressing" to enrich his style, and so is able to express himself in a clear and concise way which is the envy of all students of speech.

Undoubtedly, this education has been too much the privilege of the favored few, but on the other hand it has tended to instil a sense of responsibility to the community which has given England the services of her most cultivated men, while we have had to put up with the "professional politician."

What England will do when democracy claims the right to share the best, remains to be seen. But that it has an immense advantage in having already set a high standard, no thoughtful man can deny. However, these are questions I must save to talk about when we meet, which I am glad to think will be soon.

I tell Ruth that, if it is a girl, she must be called "Anglia"; if a boy, we must name him "Fron-

tenac." But she has settled the matter and, as usual, I submit. She says: "His name shall be called John."

Well, I cannot but think he will be born under an auspicious star, for his life began on our happy, sunny day!